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POEMS
OF
J.C. Doolittle

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THE
P O E M S

OF THE LATE

✓
JAMES C. DOOLITTLE.

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COMPILED BY

MRS. J. C. DOOLITTLE.

TOLEDO, OHIO:
DAILY COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINT.

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POEMS.

THE POET'S DREAM.

In drowsy lidded sleep he lay, while vapors wild and fair
Stole o'er his brain with lightning speed, like wizards of the air;
And in their changeful drift of thought they wafted far and wide,
To plains of blood where carnage reigned, far o'er the swelling tide.

And then the scenes that childhood knew, sweet laughter's merry
note,
The flow'ry mead, the babbling brook, bright o'er his vision float;
But soon the flowers grew pallid there, the sun was clouded o'er,
And mournful thought transferred the scene far from his native
shore.

And then again false fancy's spell, when led by gloomy Dis,
Has lured him to some slimy rock, o'erhanging dark abyss;
The spider's web, his brittle hold suspended in mid air,
And trembling for the fatal stroke, to hurl him to despair.

And then again the scene was changed; high on the billowy deep,
Where lightnings flash and thunders roar, the tempest's vigils keep;
The little bark that bore him up had yielded to the strife—
One shivered plank was all he held in that dread test for life.

And then he strayed o'er barren plains, on tropic's burning sands—
Some cooling draught his parched tongue from charity demands;
Some shade to shield his melting form, some pillow for his head;
The cheerless wastes are all his bower, the serpent's lair his bed.

On, on he roams, dame Fortune's sport, bright Fame his beacon
now;
On bended knee, at that cold shrine, he makes the sacred vow;
He clutches at the diadem, and hugs the fickle sprite—
Some unseen hand had daubed the dame, she's haggard in his sight.

Still dreams he on, by Fancy led, as false as she is fair;
Italia's plains some goddess names as gemmed with beauties rare;
He seeks the gentle land of song, he breathes the fragrant air.

Poor nursling of the wizard hand, he courts dread Ætna's ire,
And seeks for gems to deck his mind o'er tombs of living fire;
On brow of dire abyss he stands: the trembling earth in gloom
Slides 'neath his feet—one little shrub just stays him from its womb

He shrieks, and wakes in horror wild, as fancy sketched his dreams;
The vision fled—his boyhood's home, and youth's alluring scenes;
All, all were gone: still gloom maintained her empire o'er his brain;
He seized the lute in frantic zest, and breathed this plaintive strain:

Too long the bard has slumbered; too long the harp has lain;
Too long the teeming brain withheld the wild and tender strain;
But now with harp and lute attuned, he comes to join the choir,
And claims from melody one note to wake his lyre.

LIFE PICTURE.

I saw him in his cradle bed,
A smiling infant boy;
Peace waved her garland o'er his head—
A father's hope, a mother's joy.

Years passed—I saw him in his childish glee,
Just on the verge of youth,
Receiving at his matron's knee
Instructions of unsullied truth.

Years passed—I saw him in his manly pride,
Hope's gushing fount was bubbling o'er;
He floated down life's joyous tide,
While fortune plied the dripping oar.

Years passed—I saw him once again,
In thoughtless agitation wild,
Out from the common roll of men,
Misfortune's wandering child.

He roamed alone, unfriended now,
Unstricken by the hand of time;
Care's blighted plume hung o'er his brow,
Like ivy on the ruined shrine.

The fatal bowl had chilled his blood,
 And reason knelt at passion's shrine,
 The sport of chance, on fate's dark flood,
 He whirled along the shores of time.

Years passed—I saw a new-made mound,
 Obscure, alone, in stranger land;
 A chalk mark told the simple tale,
 His shroud was furled by stranger's hands.



I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

I fain would be all that I seem, but fate has wove the web;
 The spinster clouded in the woof my frail and brittle thread;
 And though I wear a gleeful smile, 'tis like the twilight gleam,
 Light glimmering up to fade in night—I am not what I seem.

'Tis true, I wear the ready smile, and happy seem to all;
 But ah! that smile betokes the lie, 'tis but the gilded pall
 That curtains o'er my sadness, and flashes into light
 Despondently to sink again, in all the gloom of night.

I've sought the halls of revelry, and echoed in the song—
 Joined in the laugh of merriment, the gayest of the throng;
 But ah! the smile belies me, 'twas the gleam derision gave,
 Like the last bright ray of sun-light o'er the ocean tempest wave.

When spring puts on her verdure, and all nature seems to smile,
 Oft in her vernal arbors I the weary hours beguile;
 I admire its lovely grandeur and court the gaudy scene,
 But its beauties are as fleeting and delusive as a dream.

Like the hope that lit me onward in the early morn of life,
 Ere fate had strewed my pathway with thorns and cares of strife,
 Is the smile that lights my features—'tis but tinsel gives the gleam;
 Beneath is gloom and sadness—I am not what I seem.

By one fond heart adored, one youthful form loves me;
 My heart responsive beats to them, they welcome me with glee;
 But when I wear my sadness, I mark the starting tear,
 Then clear my brow and force a smile—false mockery of cheer.

All Nature's fair, why am I sad? the gay may ask in vain;
 Perchance thy brow, clothed in its smiles, veils dark and gloomy
 pain.

'Tis Nature's plan that erring man should feel the weight of gloom,
 To stamp upon the heart's deep core—this earth is not our home.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Welcome, sweet bird of early spring,
 I hear thy cherished notes;
 While on the air their echoes ring,
 To Heaven thy music floats.

Thou com'st, quaint harbinger, arrayed
 In love's soft tints of modest hue,
 Thy plumage, like the ethereal shade,
 Is blended in the brightest blue.

Thou hast played the truant, petted one,
 And been a rover far, I ween;
 But now the cruel winter's gone,
 Thou hast returned to grace the scene.

Go fetch thy fellow from the brake,
 And summer solstice spend with me;
 A long siesta we'll partake,
 Make this thy own bright panoply.

Thy tones melodious here I'll greet,
 Here shall thy fledglings be secure,
 No meshes laid to trick their feet,
 By truant's hand, or falconer's lure.

And when thy nurslings learn to fly,
 Clothed in their azure tinted gear,
 I'll bid thee then a short good-bye,
 To hail thee in the coming year.

ODE TO NIGHT.

'Tis night! and the shadows are curtained around,
 Dread silence prevails, in the darkness profound.
 Save yon glittering crescent, and her courtier band,
 That sparkle like diamonds in the fair distant land;
 Save the screech of the night-bird, or the owl's lonely note,
 Or the time-telling clock, with its hoarse iron throat,
 No sound breaks the stillness, no ray lights the pall—
 'Tis the empire of slumber—night reigns over all.

When night weaves her meshes, and the soul sinks to rest,
 And the wild weirds of passion are ranking the breast;
 When the mind roams unfettered from its casement of clay
 'Neath the summer's warm sunshine, or winter's cold sway,
 Oft drinking sweet nectar from the flower yielding plain,
 Or tossed by the tempest on the billowy main
 Each breast fills its measure of bloom and of blight—
 That revels untrammelled, in the dream giving night.

Here, clad in his ermine, on a soft bed of down,
 Lies the king of a realm, firmly clasping his crown;
 He writhes in his anguish; that couch knows no rest;
 The fires of dread *Ætna* are pent in his breast;
 And there, on the straw mat, lies a lord of the soil;
 His slumber is sweetened by the day's cheerful toll;
 No soul chilling phantoms are torturing his bed,
 But the solace of midnight around him is spread.

Unroofed and uncared for, a poor starveling lies here,
 His mind once was brilliant, his heart once loved cheer;
 But the glow of the wine cup has fevered his brain,
 Still he dreams of his childhood ne'er to know it again.
 On yon lone couch lies a miser, fiercely clutching his gold,
 Slumber gives him no dream, as he ne'er had a soul;
 His lank, meagre visage from Satan was wrung—
 With the waters of *Lethe* night cools his parched tongue.

There sleeps a gay blossom, with light heaving breast,
 Quaffing deep at love's fountain in innocent zest;
 In fragrance and beauty, fancy paints the sweet dream—
 Wake, sleepers! awake, ere the morn change the scene.
 That once lovely form now lies dreamless in death,
 Night cooled her hot pillow and drank her last breath;
 And her cold corpse was laid in the midnight's deep gloom,
 In darkness and sadness, in the lone, silent tomb.

THE LAST HOPE.

I've stood beside thy couch, Henry, and watched thee day by day
And kissed the hectic on thy cheek, the tinge of sure decay;
I've marked the strides of pale disease, and wept with bitter tears,
O'er thy loved form, in lonely night, with flickering hopes and fears.

You tell me tales of by-gone days, the sweet delights of yore,
And paint, within the lapse of years, bright happiness in store,
When we again can wander forth to view the opening flowers,
And breathe the incense of the morn amidst the fragrant bowers.

You said when winter storms were o'er, and gentle Spring would
come,
Its breath would fan the vital spark and health resume her throne;
But now the rosy Spring is here, and perfume fills the air,
And still the cot of pain is there, fond nursing of my care.

You said when little birds would come, and chant their matin lay,
That we would take our 'customed walk, the gayest of the gay;
But now the warbling choir is here, sweet anthems greet the morn,
And still the fatal blight is on thy loved and wasting form.

Indulgent hope e'er lends her charm, and oftimes hast thou said
The genial warmth of Summer's sun will yield the potent aid,
And Autumn's bland and cheering smile will ease thy couch of pain,
And give me back, (Oh, grant it, Heaven!) my loved to health
again.

But when the gifts of Autumn come, and bring no balm for thee,
My last faint hope will withering fall, like leaves from yonder tree.
I feel that my poor heart will break! One boon of Heaven I crave:
As I have shared life's scenes with thee, I too would share thy
grave!

DIRGE OF WINTER.

The pearly ray of April's sun,
 Proclaims the tyrant's race is run :
 Old Winter, in the lap of Spring
 Is dying, now, a pow'rless thing ;
 Boisterous his life, though brief his reign,
 No tear upon his tomb I deign,
 No solace to his death-bed bring—
 My muse his blustering life shall sing.
 I knew him ere his reign begun,
 A precedent his sires had run ;
 I knew him in his natal hour,
 A cruel tyrant, born to power.
 'Twas midnight's gloom when he was born,
 His very birth produced a storm ;
 No puling infant, as of earth ;
 A monstrous giant at his birth.
 His reign of terror quickly known,
 Revealed the blusterer on his throne.
 Old Boreas, forth ! he quickly cried,
 Go hurl your blasts, the tempest ride,
 Arouse the whirlwind ; shake the deep,
 Wake Mermaids from their dreamy sleep—
 Shive every sail that floats the main,
 Proclaim aloud 'tis Winter's reign,
 Bind up the streams, Snow ! clothe the earth,
 Breathe death to all of summer birth ;
 Bid shivering nature seek the fire,
 Or dread the vengeance of my ire.
 Old ocean by the beard he took
 And every fibre in him shook,
 Proud crafts of Art in vain essayed
 To live the tempest he had made ;
 But powerless all, in disport driven,
 Stout masts and studded bolts were riven,
 And wreck on wreck thrown on the strand,
 Like pebbles from a giant's hand.
 How many hearts with life blood warm
 Have froze beneath his icy arm ?
 Their coffin shroud the coral shell,
 Old ocean groans their requiem knell
 Their monuments, the billow's swell.
 In oozy beds they sleep.

The forest oak within his grasp
 Yields up its life-strings to the blast—
 Uprooted, thrown wide o'er the heath,
 A bubble in his powerful breath.
 The mountain crest, reared in the cloud
 Is forced for aye to wear his shroud,

The fertile plain, robed in his gear,
 Yields nought of life the heart to cheer;
 Each little tiny flower of earth
 That genial Summer warmed to birth,
 Is torn and scattered to the storm,
 The sport of his relentless arm;
 Each cherished plant of tender care,
 Was doomed alike his ire to share.
 One little flower, a pet of mine,
 Bowed down in death at his cold shrine;
 By day I watched the beautiful flower,
 But in the midnight's stormy hour,
 One moment left it to his power,
 'Twas dead.

How many sons, in grief and woe,
 Throughout the trackless fields of snow,
 Their crystal coresses there entombed,
 Deep in the snow curls' icy womb,
 Have sunk beneath his ruthless away,
 No more to feel the genial ray,
 No more to taste the sweets of morn,
 Or hear the welcome of return.
 Not yet sufficed; his cold envenom'd dart,
 Unstrung the widow's and the orphan's heart.
 Even Innocence, with cradled care,
 A portion of his bane must share;
 His searching blasts made woe the haunt
 Of pining poverty and needy want;
 The pent up folds were made to feel,
 The lashings of his crystal steel;
 The forest beasts in nature's care,
 Have quaking fled down to their lair;
 The crested pine of living green,
 That proudly waves its gaudy sheen,
 Was cleft by one resistless twine,
 And driven from its mountain shrine.
 Huge mounts of snow he reared on high,
 On Alpine cliffs to mock the sky,
 Then rest them from their rocky brow—
 Dark gleamed his eye in cherished vow,
 Swift as a shaft from anchored bow,
 He hurled them on the world below,
 And died.

ON VISITING A SISTER.

Again I clasp thy form of truth,
And passive kneel at childhood's shrine,
Awake each slumbering thought of youth—
A sister's hand again is mine.

I've wandered far o'er countries fair,
And revelled in the halls of glee;
But cherished memory was there
In bright and tender thought for thee.

Each little scene our childhood knew,
On flowery bank and shaded stream,
Has pass'd in bright perspective view
In fancy's sweet, illusive dream.

Thy tiny palm was clasped to mine,
Together hand in hand we strayed,
Together sat beneath the vine
And prattled in its pleasant shade.

But many years have passed away
Since life and all its joys were new,
But ah! it seems but yesterday,
Save when I mark the change in you.

Thy cheek, once like the blushing rose,
Now wears the lily's sickly hue,
Time's withering blight too plainly shows
On all the scenes my childhood knew.

And that bright smile has fled thee, now,
That wont to mark thy youthful prime,
Care's blighted plume hangs o'er thy brow,
Like ivy on the ruined shrine.

My parent's voice, I hear it not
Come echoing through the social hall;
'Tis true I'm in my native cot,
But now it seems so lone by all.

Sister, what means that bitter sigh
At the bare mention of their name?
That whispered prayer and upcast eye,
That points me to the angel train?

I feared it all; the dark green sod,
 O'ercanopies their dreamless bed,
 Beneath the weeping willow's nod,
 Our consecrated tears be shed.

THE VICTIM'S LAST BOON.

Hence, hence wandering thoughts! go wend your way,
 Ere the sun sips the dew or the lark sings her lay,
 And bring me sweet numbers, bright gems of the brain,
 Both sparkling and burning, to garnish my strain:
 Bring hues from the rainbow, bring the butterfly's wing—
 Bring the bright gurgling fountain and the zephyrs of Spring—
 Clip the braids from the mermaid, cull me pearls from the deep;
 Go woo the sweet muses, bring me dreams from their sleep,
 Bring the rivulet's ripple and the hoarse ocean's roar,
 And the clouds' pearly wreath when the tempest is o'er;
 Then bring me the heart that has never known guile,
 Closely veil in it perfume from India's fair Isle;
 Bring the temple of Virtue, encase in its shrine
 This gem of bright beauty—Ah! once it was mine:
 But the cruel Despoiler has polluted the bowers,
 And his breath, like the simoon, has withered the flowers
 By stealth he first gained it: like a serpent he crept
 And preyed upon Virtue while Innocence slept.
 All the fairy scene changed: Desolation's black storm
 Spread the cold, withering blight of loathing and scorn,
 But the Victor has fled, and the scoffs of the world
 On the head of the Victim, with Venom, were hurled!
 Shunning all, shunned by all, in cold scorn and neglect,
 Courting darkness to hide the hot tears of regret,
 Till my poor shattered form mentally yields to the blast,
 And one bright ray of reason tells the conflict is past!
 But my poor sorrowing heart craves one long and last boon,
 To pledge my Destroyer, ere I sink to the tomb:—
 Take from poor weeping Virtue one link from the chain—
 (Oh! would 'twere the last that deception could gain!)
 All defiled and polluted let it rust in unrest,
 In the casket of trophies, proudly hugged to his breast!
 Bring the pale withered flowers, from that arbor once fair,
 Ere the serpent had entered and poisoned the air;
 Bring the dark mystic meshes of the vile tempter's art,
 And deception's false visage of the Basalisk's heart;
 Bring the blood of the serpent, drawn cold from his veins,

That poisoned his Victim—the wreck of his aims:
 Go probe the dark dungeon! from its inmate bring tears,
 That have cankered and eaten her visage for years:
 And bring me the sighs, that have stifled the air,
 From the child of seduction, the type of despair!
 Ope the gray marble casement; bring groans from its womb,
 To curse the Despoiler that clothed them in gloom!
 At night's murky noon, seek the murderer's breast,
 Bring the fiends that are reveling in his mockery of rest,
 From the toad get his venom, from the asp get his sting,
 From despair's poisoned chalice the black opiate bring!
 Bring lightnings from heaven, bring earth's direst bane—
 Bring the shrieks of the damn'd, Virtue sanctions the claim;
 Bring them one! bring them all! 'tis the Victim's last boon,
 That I pledge to the demon, ere I sink to the tomb;
 May he deep drain the lees—may it poison his zone,
 When the Child of Seduction shall cease to be known.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

A star from the zenith descended to earth,
 'Twas the star of our freedom, at Washington's birth;
 He flitted his sphere, from the bright dappled sky,
 On the cold breast of earth, for a moment to lie.

Bright emblem of truth, ever hail we the day,
 Kind Heaven descended to halo our way;
 Our heart-strings shall cling to the day of his birth,
 As the roots of the mountain e'er cling to the earth.

Tho' his eyes are now sealed, yet the bard, with his numbers,
 Shall garland the urn, that pillows his slumbers,
 And the muse shall bring gems, bright thoughts of the brain,
 To herald sweet anthems o'er the mountain and plain.

And the vine tressed arbor shall yield its perfume,
 Breathed in soft silvery dew drops, to garnish his tomb;
 And the air-warbling songsters shall answer the lyre
 On the river's "bright border," where slumbers our sire.

Though death sealed his eyes, yet his image is here,
 To brighten our fireside with the richest of cheer.
 Behold him in commerce, floating wide o'er the earth,
 In the stars on our ensign, that shone at his birth.

Go gaze on yon fallow, on the green waving corn,
At the flocks on the hill-side, of their fleeces unshorn;
Then open the garner, o'erflowing with grain,
And gaze on his image, the fruits of his reign,

Go gaze on yon cattle, that so mystically sprung
From the couch of enchantment, when the battle was won;
'Tis the palace of freedom, his image is there,
Floating light on the sunbeams, like a spirit of air.

E'en the lowliest threshold is as sacred and pure,
As the marble and fresco, with the oak carven door,
Not the foot of pollution dare cross o'er that shrine—
He guards the low portals, with his image divine.

A bard the sublimest, if not sweetest, has sung
"God never created but one Washington,"
And gazed on this treasure, as an infant he lay,
And deemed him too pure for earth's common clay.

His eyes are now sealed: lowly bend we the knee
At the tomb where he slumbers, the shrine of the free,
And weave we a chaplet, to laurel the grave
Of the "sage and the chieftain, the sire and the brave."



DREAM OF LIFE.

Could we renew our youthful years,
Again to taste the joys and tears,
And feel the sweet paternal rays,
That warmed our childhood's wayward ways,
Again would folly guide our life
In thorny paths of care and strife,
Is ofttime asked by Bard and Sage,
And been the theme of many a page.
Yet none can tell.

My dreamy muse shall court the theme,
And claim the aid of Melpomene,
Portrayed by life. First take the youth
Reared up in virtue and in truth,

The dazzling phantoms of the world
 In all their gaudious hues unfurled;
 His youthful breast by love inflamed,
 Some charming object, there enchained,
 Makes downy pillows sweet with dreams
 And rolling rivers, purling streams;
 Makes earth an arbor, gemmed with flowers,
 And life's bright pathway through the bowers.
 He bares his breast to Cupid's dart,
 And clasps the trophy to his heart;
 All now is bright, a cloudless sun
 Beams bright o'er all the race he's run,
 He dreams.

Let but an object come between
 The airy phantom of his dream,
 Let one dark cloud obscure the ray
 Of fancy's disk that lit his way—
 Wild reels his brain—the gloomy pall
 Of murky night o'ershadows all,
 The air built castles of the world
 On desolation's shore are hurled;
 The cherished minion's gilded dart
 Gives back no thrill to glad the heart.
 Each flattering hope, each phantom fair
 Have winged their flight down to despair,
 Delusive fancy's flower strewed way
 By one fell blast is swept away,
 And withering at his feet they lay.
 He wakes.

Oh! could he sleep, and sleep again,—
 'Tis waking gives the dreamer pain,—
 The wields of night oft steal the brain,
 Which morn returns surcharged with pain;
 But mid-day dreams, at fancy's call,
 Steal mind, and sense, and reason all;
 But this is life—a bubble blown
 By fate. But give him back his youthful zone,
 Paint every scene his life has known,
 Would he not seek the self same bowers,
 That strewed his path with withered flowers?
 Would he not clasp the self same dart,
 And hug the shaft that pierced his heart?
 Would he not sleep, and paint the scene,
 And wake, and find it all a dream?
 Would he not run the self same round?
 Say Bard, say Sage, say men profound.
 Go view him in the deadly strife
 Where fame is bought with human life,
 Where blood and carnage rule the day,

And heaps, on heaps, in cold death lay—
And thundering cannon deaf the ear,
With brave breast bared defying fear;
And see the warrior's flashing eye,
His garments stained in crimson dye,
Red, reeking red, he "bites the dust."
Earth pillows up her honored trust,
While, wallowing in his bloody grave,
Like Triton in the foaming wave.
What heart but weeps at war's alarms,
But weeps in vain while fame wears arms?
I once have heard a warrior say,
Who oft had stood the battle's fray,
With laurels green fresh from the strife—
Who'd counted up the roll of life,
That fell beneath his powerful might,
On many a blood-red field of fight—
That never more he'd fight for fame.—
'Twas but a phantom, false as vain;
And, like a hero, dropp'd a tear
O'er honored worth, a soldier's bier.
Rejuvenate that warrior's life,
Make fame the boon of deadly strife,
Go sound the war's alarm again,
And shake the earth with tread of men;
Wake slumbering cannon from their ease,
Shake out the banner to the breeze,
Forth to the charge, the bugle sound.
Deal death, destruction all around—
Full soon he'd clasp the glittering steel
"To try the valor of the gael,"
Again to drench the earth in gore
And count his victims by the score;
Again the widow's heart should bleed,
And all for fame, a warrior's meed.
Would he not seek the self same round?
Say Bard, say Sage, say men profound.
The poor inebriate at his bowl,
Who quaffs the poison to his soul,
Prenatal by fate the lees to drain,
That cloud the reason, steal the brain,
Transform the human form to beast.
To revel in the demon's feast,
And wallow in the mire of earth,
Ignoble man, polluting birth,
Till devils, in their awful dread,
Pour boiling lava on his head,
And hissing serpents, battling round,
And nameless fiends with hideous sound,
Quick hurl him down despair's dark wave,
To lowly doom, a drunkard's grave.

Resuscitate that ghastly form,
 Give back the hopes of young life's morn,
 Let truthful nature paint the scene
 Of Bacchus in his drunken dream,
 The ills, the woes, despair of soul,
 That all must feel who lift the bowl,
 The certain doom, the fiends, the fears,
 That follow in that vale of tears;
 Of all the woes, paint all the scenes,
 And hold them up, ere yet he dreams,—
 Would he not seize the self same bowl,
 That poured the poison to his soul,
 And, like the swine, back to the sty,
 When nature heralds "drink and die,"
 Would he not seek the self same round?
 Say Bard, say Sage, say men profound.
 Precocious youth! great nature's plan
 Is, study reason, study man.

DREAM OF THE PAST.

The day had passed—the gleam of eve was setting on the plain,
 The vesper bell told out its chimes, far echoing o'er the main,
 When Morpheus, in his blindest smile, embraced my feeble form,
 And lulled me into gentle sleep, to tarry till the morn.

The dim remembrance of the past came creeping o'er my soul,
 And in my dream I clasp'd the pen, to draw the feeble scroll.
 Some tonic for a fever'd mind, the frenzied brain required;
 My muse held forth the sparkling bowl—'twas all the heart desired.

I tipp'd the brim—the chart of thought lay spread before my eyes,
 And fancy, with her myriad train, came fluttering from the skies;
 The glittering coronet of gems, that bound the brow of hope,
 Like stars in yon bright zone unveiled within my vision's scope.

The labyrinthian path of youth I gaily trod again,
 And every charm that childhood knew, was flowing in the ken;
 A Father's and a Mother's voice fell sweetly on my ear,
 And gentle Sister's prattling tones were melody to hear.

My schoolboy days were pictured there, and every lovely form,
That I was fondly wont to greet, in youth's bright summer morn;
And e'en the beauteous arbor, where love first 'woke my lay,
And plighted vows were interchanged, beneath pale Cynthia's ray.

Intoxicate with melting joy, I revelled in the scene,
Each day to years seemed lengthened out, so 'luring was the dream;
But, as deceitful as the mist, that gilds, in rainbow hues,
The Storm-cloud in its wrathful tracks, to mock the sweetest muse.

That treacherous sun that beamed at noon, soon gleamed in yon far
west,
And spirits of a different form were rankling in my breast,
Like spider on his spiral web, suspended in mid air,
Awaiting for the fatal twang, to hurl me to despair.

I roamed alone, through foggy fens, through cold, and drought, and
snow,
Whirled in the drift of gloomy thought, where sluggish streamlets
flow;
The fleshless hand was on the wall, the fatal scroll was drawn;
With clammy sweat my couch was drenched, long e'er the opening
dawn.

I fain would sleep to dream again, if no dread sequel came;
But those fantastic wjerds of night, with pleasure mingle pain;
No downy bed of feathery form, with Cupid's flow'rets strown,
But find some thorn beneath the rose, that willful fate hath sown.

The following lines were written on hearing that the Council intended to remove the Old Grave Yard to make room for street improvement. They are respectfully dedicated to the Common Council of Toledo:

NATURE'S REQUEST.

Forbear thy hand; touch not that spot, 'tis consecrated ground;
There sleep the withered flowers of youth, and there the sage profound;
And there the smiling infant bud, torn from its mothers breast,
Ere scarce it sipp'd the goblet's brim, was cradled to its rest,
The matron and the hoary sire, there slumber side by side,
Oh, ne'er disturb their peaceful dust, "whom death could not divide."

Forbear thy hand ; touch not that spot ; death owns the little mine.
 Who dare escheat that silent claim, by any base design ?
 Death's sacred gems are hoarded there ; let no intruder's hand
 Hyena-like pollute the urn, or wave the leveling wand ;
 But press sweet flowers around their tombs ; there let the willow
 wave,

Lone emblem of departed worth, to droop above the grave ;
 There let the foliage of the oak expand on its broad wings ;
 Green be those little mounds of yore that fond remembrance brings.

Cursed be the hand that mars that spot. 'Tis nature's frail request—
 Ope not the bleeding wounds afresh, that time has calmed to rest.
 Wake not the dead, vain man of clay . thy doom ere long will come.
 Would'st have thy ashes strewn o'er earth forth from their peaceful
 tomb ?

Those silent members of that lawn were once like you and I—
 Light beat their hearts with ardent hope, gay beamed the sparkling
 eye,
 But, "earth to earth" dread fate's decree—break not their peaceful
 rest ;

Rob not the grave of sacred mould, 'tis nature's last request.

SPIRITS AND MEDIUMS.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Rapping Fraternity.

Hence, go we hence—the grave, the shroud—
 O'er all the earth hangs death's black cloud ;
 No glimpse peeps through the sacred gloom
 That overhangs the silent tomb.
 Where go we then, to what fair clime ?
 The wisest sage could not divine ;
 No sibyl from enchantment's dell
 Our spirits' home shall ever tell.
 In Him that gave our clay its form
 We trust for shelter in the storm.
 No stroke of chance e'er formed this earth ;
 That Mighty Being gave it birth,
 Who holds and plays it in its sphere,
 Like bubbles in the limpid air.
 Though millions kneel at Holy Shrine,
 None ever saw that form divine ;
 Nor will he waft on wings of night
 To gloomy earth a heavenly sprite.
 Will He that bade the weary rest,
 E'er tear us from our parent's breast ?
 Is there no peace beyond the tomb ?
 Are our poor spirits doomed to roam

In vapory shrouds, and flit their sphere
 For this cold earth's unjoyous cheer,
 In midnight rant to vent their spleen
 On maudlin man, unsight, unseen?
 Think ye that He whose mighty hand
 Ten thousand worlds holds at command,
 Will yield His palm to this foul art
 That human jugglers would impart,
 As messengers from that far zone
 Where rest the dead—that dark unknown,
 High Imperial o'er the throne
 Great Nature dwells?
 Poor nursling of fanatic sties,
 Thy ken can never reach the skies;
 The darken'd mazes thou would'st scan,
 Will ne'er be oped to mortal man.
 None ever broke the seal of death;
 From that dread bourne who e'er returned?
 Who e'er conversed with dust inurned?
 Ye talk of spirits in the air;
 Where came they from? Yes, tell me where.
 Come they from Heaven with tidings glad,
 Or up from Hell with torments mad?
 Do they assume death's livid form?
 Come they in sunshine or in storm?
 Ride they on wings of pearly day,
 Or 'neath the moonlight's mellow ray,
 Or in the murky midnight's hour?
 Hold they some medium in their power—
 The scum of earth, by ignorance driven—
 To probe the secrets of high Heaven?
 'Tis fantasy of human brain,
 An *ignis fatuus* holds the rein.
 If Jove e'er grants to this cold earth
 Bright messengers of celestial birth,
 In dazzling light their forms will beam,
 And stars at noon lay gem the scene.
 No lurid lightning's vivid glare,
 With sulphury forms will taint the air;
 Nor incantation's putrid maw,
 Purged of its spawn, will break the law
 Kind nature made.
 When Titans and the bloody Mars
 Against the gods waged cruel wars,
 With giant forms, and magic might,
 Piled Ossa on Pelion's height,
 The steep they mount, the clouds are riven;
 But ere they scale the walls of Heaven,
 Jove's thunder breaks their magic spell,
 And hurls the demons back to Hell,
 In direful torments there to dwell
 Forever.

SHUN THE BOWL.

I drank ; I lik'd it not ; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
 An airy scene of transitory joys.
 In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
 Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
 To the late revel and protracted feast
 Wild dreams succeeded and disordered rest.

PRIOR.

Cursed be the bowl, the fatal bowl ; drain not the lees of wine ;
 Too long the scorpion's fatal coil has held me in his twine.
 I've felt the deadly aspen's sting, quaffed from the social bowl,
 As poignant as when "Egypt's Queen" gave back her guilty soul.

Some little freak of early life perchance has gloomed my way,—
 I've revelled in the fatal bowl, to drive the cloud away ;
 But artificial scenes of life are false as folly's dream,
 They end in sorrow, pain and strife—delusions mock the scene.

I feel that I am immature ; untimely I am old ;
 Scarce half the tale allotted man to me has yet been told ;—
 But Oh, what weight of early blight is resting on my brow,
 Those raven locks that crowned my head are snowy emblems now.

The little that I love of life is centered in two forms ;
 For them I'd brave the battle's strife, and spurn the howling
 storms ;
 For them I'd mount the deadly breach, when carnage spreads the
 pall ;
 For them I'll shun the sparkling bowl, the deadliest bane of all.

Accursed the hand that rears the cup forth to his neighbor's lip,
 Cursed be that sparkling goblet, that tempted me to sip—
 Jove's thunders rest upon that head, of Bacchanalian birth,
 That first trod out the purple bane, to make a Hell of Earth.

LIFE'S FUTURE.

In the lap of the future, where rich beauties lay
 Veiled in mystic enchantment, light as silvery spray,
 Each eye has its beacon, in the far distant ken,
 And grasps, like the miser, to seize the gay gem.

Lo! the youth of light spirits, bounding over life's sea,
 Looks back on sweet childhood as a rock on his lee.
 On! on! for the future; press, press the white sail—
 For that far hidden future he breasts the rough gale.

'Twas a star lured him onward; no light-house was near,
 Through the long stormy night, yet no moorings appear;
 On—onward he pressed: "for the future!" he cried;
 False echo responded, "the future," and died.

See yon beauteous Argo, just entering the seas,
 Like a rose scarce unfolding its leaves to the breeze;
 How smoothly she glides, in the zephyrs of youth,
 Freightened deep with hope's tinsel for the future, forsooth.

"But where is that future?" the frail being cries,
 "I had dreamed in my childhood it lived in the skies;
 But this earth is so beauteous, where—where's that bright zone,
 Where joys cloy on joys? in this present there's none."

"I will on to the future," the fair one replied;
 "I will seek for those joys in the charms of a bride;
 In that haven of hope, I will furl the white sail,
 And trust to that future, to ride out the gale."

When joys cloy on joys—ah! my beautiful one,
 Thy day dream's a dew drop, quickly quaffed by the sun;
 Thou canst not repose on that couch at thy ease,
 For life's pleasures are false, as the billowy seas.

And thy beauty will fade like the roses in June,
 "Leaf by leaf fall away, as they lose their perfume,"
 Yet sate with enchantment, press on to the goal,
 On the false fleeting future, is thy "fullness of soul."

E'en the sire at four-score, tottering down to the grave;
 Courts the false fabled fountain, his aged limbs to lave,
 And probes the deep future, for hope's flattering aid,
 In his vain dream at eighty, future prospects are laid.

I once knew a dame with five score on her head ;
 Her life seemed a phantom, so quickly it sped.
 Little dreamed she of death ; like a Stoic she bore
 This lank load of "yesterdays" and still sighed for more.

Frail models of clay ! as ye flit through this sphere,
 Quaff the joys that are passing, 'tis life's only cheer ;
 Those by and by pleasures, like to-morrow, are where—
 As we grasp at the phantom, 'tis a bubble of air.

THE LONE GRAVE.

I've wandered in the grave-yard, I've stood beside the tomb
 Where sleeps the love of other years, cut down in early bloom ;
 I gazed upon the sculptured slab, I scanned the simple lay
 That told of innocence and truth, in youth's bright summer day.

And close beside that Parian pile was reared a little mound—
 A sullied lily's drooping leaves the mellow greensward crowned :
 No stranger notes the lonely spot, no stone proclaims her birth,
 In shame she sleeps in that cold shrine a blighted flower of earth.

Her youthful form was beaming fair, her heart as sparkling bright,
 As the star-bespangled coronet, that decks the brow of night ;
 Her life was one wild round of joy, enwove with fancy's spell,
 The wily serpent sought her bower—by treacherous arts she fell !

Yon cone that rears its sculptured head, is her destroyer's grave—
 A Brother's hand avenged the wrongs a Sister's weakness gave ;
 Go scan the lines—deep chiseled there, pale mockery of gloom—
 It speaks of virtue there enshrined, in that cold serpent's tomb !

Read we the lay—'tis passing sweet—'tis friendship's tender strain—
 Here sleeps the gifted son of worth, a model of fair fame ;
 His life was chaste, his virtues rare, no shadow dimmed his way—
 If yon lone grave could tell the tale, as false as hell this lay.

Full oft I've read the well told tale, inscribed to hoary age,
 But never saw one vice proclaimed upon the marble page ;
 The miser, who for glittering gold, would bed in serpent's lair,
 Sleeps 'neath some ponderous lettered stone, proclaiming virtues
 rare.

Why mark the spot where dust to dust responsive doth return?
 Why wreath the polished pyramid, why falsify the urn?
 Beneath its base no treasure lies, 'tis but a clay-cold form,
 Whose spirit took its airy flight on death's dark dismal morn.

THE BLIGHT OF FOLLY.

My locks are grey, my limbs are weak; and yet I am not old,
 Ungenerous time has crimped my brow, ere half my days are told;
 Pale Autumn's gloom is round me cast, e'er Spring I've scarcely
 known,
 And only sipped at manhood's fount, in twilight's dewy zone.

'Tis true, I drew in thoughtless youth, large drafts on coming time,
 And little dreamed the ruthless knave would protest manhood's
 prime;
 The date I'd forged to ripened age, when weakness called on death
 To cancel all the dues of life, in one last gasping breath.

Poor foolish man! the Siren's lure had clouded reason's throne;
 Dread fate's licentious reins were loose, her coursers wreathed in
 foam.
 On, dashed they—on, with frightful speed, when fancy led the train,
 'Till weeping nature curbed the steeds, and seized the slackened
 rein.

It seems to me 'twere yesterday I was a blooming youth,
 My matron's voice, (I hear it still,) oh, would it were a truth;
 But ah! she'd scarcely know me now, those jetty locks are white,
 Yet I'm not old in tale of years, 'tis folly's early blight.

'Tis folly's blight. Precocious youth! touch not yon sparkling
 wine,
 Its lees are drafts, endorsed by fate, on manhood's early prime.
 Trust not to time, the lying elf; she has no balm for pain;
 Each day she adds some nauseous drug to her dread cup of bane.

Where is the Siren's treacherous lure, that bid me loose the rein?
 And where the promised morrow's balm, to soothe the breast of
 pain?
 All, all, is false, a wreck am I, yet hope's my beacon light;
 No time can e'er restore my loss, that curse of folly's blight.

LIFE'S CHANGEFUL SCENES.

Like nature's plants I'm wasting, with a slow but sure decay ;
The flowing tide that bore my bark is ebbing fast away ;
Those tender strains that cheered my youth were but the siren's
song ;
The withered flowers of manhood's pride are given to the storm.

I've gazed upon the flowery mead, gemmed with the pearly dew,
And drank the richest goblet that Floras' fountain drew,
And I have basked beneath the oak whilst the warblers sung the
lay,
In love's enchanting melody, to hail the new-born day.

I've stood upon the battle field when blood in streamlets flowed,
And watched the direful carnage that fiendish hate bestowed,
And I have marked the quivering nerves when life-blood cancelled
life ;
In awe I viewed the fearful scenes, and cursed the deadly strife.

I've gazed upon old Neptune's couch, and trod the pebbly shore,
Where tempests shake the mighty deep, and howling thunders
roar,
Where mermaids mount the rocky steep, woke from their sea-
weed bed—
An ignis fatuus of the main, that countless thousands dread.

I've gazed upon the avalanche, just tottering on the brow
Of Alpine's mighty towering cliff, and marked dame nature's vow,
To hurl it from the dread abyss, high from its airy sphere ;
In awe I gazed on scenes like these, with mingled joy and fear.

I've stood on Ætna's fearful brink, where Pluto reigns supreme,
And gazed into its murky depth, a gloomy, frightful scene ;
And I have tottered down the steep, where molten lava flowed,
And as I viewed this type of Hell, with awe my bosom glowed.

The dull stale waste of sameness never bore a charm for me ;
I'd sooner breast the mountain rill, sent foaming to the sea,
Than lave my feet in fetid pools, whose surface knows no change,
And run the same routine of life throughout its fitful range.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hark! hark! I hear the chiming peals, 'tis Christmas' hallowed morn:

Now merry greetings fill the ear, gifts crown the copious horn;
But ah, to me no cheering sounds these rifted rocks proclaim,
These massive walls present no gifts in friendship's tender name.

How oft I've hailed this hallowed morn, when youthful vigor
glowed.

And eager sought the little gifts parental hands bestowed;
But ah, the charms of youth have flown, the fond delights of yore,
That blush of childlike innocence with guilt is crimsoned o'er.

This day the festive board is crowned with dainties rich and rare,
And friends partake in social glee the merry christmas fare;
But I'm bereft of all life's sweets, of home and friendship dear,
A prison's lonely solitude is my unjoyous cheer.

This day the bridal wreath is bound on Hymen's holy shrine,
And the fairest, loveliest ones of earth, the golden chain entwine;
But my bridal link is broken by the vitreous wave of crime:
The green-sward mantles o'er her grave, a living sepulchre is mine.

This day five years have cycled o'er since first she was my bride,
We plighted sacred truth to each, let weal or woe betide;
The blighting blast of fate swept o'er, she withered in the storm,
And I am left a victim now to a world's cold cruel scorn.

Farewell, ye favored ones of earth; farewell, my hallowed days,
My morning's sun was fair as yours, though clouded now its rays;
My parent's voice is stilled in death, my loved of all is gone,
My frantic brain is reeling now, and reason leaves her throne.

BREAD! GIVE ME BREAD!

As in my silent musing a voice I chanced to hear,
 'Twas hunger's eager wailing fell on my listening ear;
 Look on this shattered fabric; behold my sunken eye;
 Bread! give me bread! for I languish and sigh.

I'm charged with cruel poverty, she murmured with a tear,
 Give me a simple pittance of life preserving cheer;
 No crime, however small, but wears a deeper die;
 Bread! give me bread! for I languish and sigh.

I pass the halls of plenty, I hear their gleeful lays;
 Those tones my lightsome heart once rung in youth's bright hal-
 lowed days;
 Of wealth I ask in famished tones the crumbs cast to your sty;
 Bread! give me bread! for I languish to die.

Two lovely babes lie shivering, couched on their straw cold bed.
 Their soft and feeble voices are crying now for bread;
 Untutored in their innocence, Oh, must they starve and die?
 Bread! give me bread! for I languish and sigh.

Thy garner's stored with plenty, oh must I pine in want?
 Must leareye'd hunger's ghastly form my lowly cottage haunt?
 I plead for soft compassion, is mercy's fountain dry?
 Bread! give me bread! for I languish to die.

 LIFE—A SIMILE.

'Tis spring tide, and our sails are spread on life's uncertain sea,
 Our little bark is buoyed up with spirits light and free;
 Hope fills the sails, all nature's fair, no cloud obscures the scene,
 No shadow dims the gladsome eye, to mar our youthful dream.

Bright Phœbus paints the early dawn; at eve soft zephyrs play,
 Like fairies at a bridal couch, or sea-nymphs in the spray;
 Each bursting bud, each opening flower, and every joy we know
 Was sweeter than the blushing rose, when gemmed in pearly dew.

O'er fleeting spring came summer's sun, in youthful vision pass'd ;
 Yet summer wore the gorgeous robes that waning spring had cast.
 Our life was mirrored in the scene, spring time and youth were one;
 Our cherished hopes were morning flowers, kissed by the noon-tide
 sun.

By laughing rill, in leafy bowers, we pass'd the summer time,
 Threw back the past, the giddy past, back to its natal clime ;
 Each little sweet that fancy craved, by nature's hand was crowned
 'Till summer time and manhood's prime had told their little round.

O'er dying beauty autumn wept, robed in her golden hue ;
 Her lovely sisters both had flown, like genius of early dew ;
 The web of spring and summer's woof, gay tinted for the loom,
 False fancy laid, and autumn wove a shroud to wrap the tomb.

When bleak November's hoary frost is ripening on the plain,
 Old time tells o'er his score of sheaves, and gathers in the grain ;
 The cherished flowers of early spring, that blight that autumn gave,
 Are Nature's first, last gifts to us, the cradle and the grave.

A cheerless winter reigns supreme, the tempest's driving past,
 Each little flower that decked the earth, is given to the blast ;
 And human mould like nature's plants, are gathered to the fold ;
 Then, what is life? a season's round, a tale that's quickly told.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Ope, ope the wide portals, we hail the glad dawn !
 'Tis the voice of rejoicing that heralds the morn ;
 'Tis a tribute to greatness that gave Freedom its birth,
 And Columbia an altar the purest on earth,
 Where the poor and the humble can kneel on this day,
 In the sunshine of Freedom, just homage to pay
 To worth never equalled, to glory's bright sheen,
 While Truth, Love and Mercy proudly smile on the scene.

The grave has closed o'er him, yet the day of his birth
 Shall beam as unclouded as his honor and worth ;
 And the genius of Liberty, from her eyrie on high,
 On light floating pinions shall mount to the sky.
 And wave her broad wings o'er the wide spreading land,
 From main unto main 'twas the gift of his hand,
 And the waves of the ocean shall re-echo his name
 To millions unborn, on the bright list of fame.

O'er his ashes inurned, let the incense burn bright
As his helmet and shield in the days of his might—
Not the rust of neglect, nor time's ruthless hand,
Nor 'pollution's foul footsteps,' nor disunion's rude brand,
Shall erase from our bosoms the love that he bore,
In the home that he gave us on Freedom's fair shore;
Not a nation on earth—not a clime 'neath the sun,
But shall honor the name of the Great WASHINGTON!

He still lives, and shall live, while the sun's light shall shine,
As the sire of our freedom, the gem of our shrine.
He still lives, and shall live, as the chieftain that bore
Our bark through that vista to the haven of yore;
As the sage whose wise counsels held tyrants at bay;
As the statesman whose wisdom illumined the way,
In the day when men's souls were tried as by fire,
When the Lions of Britain were vaunting their ire;
In the day when vile Hessians polluted our land,
On Camden's red plains with the sword and the brand;
In the day when Cornwallis, old England's proud boast,
Reluctant, at Yorktown, delivered his host;
In the day, when, discharging his conquering band,
He laid down the sceptre like a sage of the land,
And returned to his homestead, a loved nation's worth,
Great Nature's fair model, unequalled of earth.
He lives, and shall live while the axis shall roll,
In Columbia's vitals, the heart and the soul;
He shall live while one gem of our freedom remains,
While one fragrant flower shall bloom on our plains;
While a rivulet flows down the green mountain side,
While a wave of the ocean shall swell in a tide,
While one germ of Nature shall awaken to birth,
The name of our Hero shall emblazon the earth.
He lives, and shall live till time is no more;
When ruin and chaos shall darken our shore,
Even then his loved form shall hover above
The gem he gave Freedom, the land of his love.

THE INDIAN'S REQUEST.

They've polluted my greenwood and forced me to roam,
 They have felled the tall oak from my dear forest home;
 Not a sheen of Its shadow that invitingly lay
 On the green-tufted carpet, but has faded away:
 And the groves we held sacred, by the bright babbling brook,
 Where our Chiefs, in sage council, of the offering partook,
 Are shorn of their leaflets, of their glory bereft;
 Not a plume of their grandeur by the pale-face is left.
 E'en the sweet blooming flowers on the green velvet lawn,
 Breathing fragrance and beauty, out-blushing the morn,
 Are wrung from their moss beds and scattered aghast,
 Like the maidens that tressed them, the sport of the blast.
 One poor human flowret, the bright fawn of our race,
 That met me with smiles when returned from the chase,
 And gilded the wampum in wild fancy's pride,
 A gay zone for her lover, my fair Indian bride.
 She sleeps in the spirit land—she's gone to her rest;
 Death-robed in the girdle—'twas her last, last request—
 'Tis the symbol of truth—list ye pale race of men;
 You have rifled the casket, touch not this bright gem!
 You have murdered my sire, my cabin you've burned,
 The cries of my fair one and infants ye spurned;
 Like a tiger, insatiate, you scent for my blood,
 And follow my footsteps o'er the dark western flood.
 But farther I will not. No! here let me rest
 On the river's wild border—'tis my last, last request.
 Oh, cruel despoilers! where would ye I'd go?
 To yon cheerless mountains, all curtained in snow?
That would not suffice thee; back, back is the word
 Proclaimed in thy councils, and sealed by the sword!
 I've courted thy proffers, meekly bowed at thy will;
 But thy charms are the serpent's—they lure but to kill;
 Like ice-gems that vanish 'neath the sun's peerless ray,
 One by one all our nations are melting away!
 Like the grave, ye cry "Give!" in the foul lust of soul—
 Having drained the last nectar, would now crush the bowl.
 For the fate of my brethren, in anguish I mourn,
 And you, ye proud nations, shall mourn in your turn
 When the war-trump shall sound, and the battle's rude strife
 Call the sons and the sires to the contest for life;
 And the death-dealing cannon their slumbers shall wake!
 Promethean furies, in dread missions of hate,
 Howl their requiem notes o'er thy wide-spreading land;
 Desolation and rain, with the sword and the brand,
 Shall seathe o'er thy plains like the storm-driven cloud,
 Night-palling the Heavens with their smoke-wreathing shroud;
 And the war shout shall horror thy couch and thy rest,
 With infants torn reeking from their dead mother's breast.
 When the plague and the famine shall mingle their throes,

Ask not at the altar the cause of thy woes ;
 But ask in thy prayers the vengeance ye gave—
 Ask rapine and murder, an unhallowed grave ;
 Ask the snow-cloud for shelter from the cold winter's blast,
 And the granite for food from starvation's dread fast—
 Ask the wild driving tempest its fury to calm,
 And the ice-cliffs for sunbeams, thy chilled limbs to warm ;
 Ask the caves for a covert from the foemen's dire foe,
 And the unrift flint-rock to pillow thy woe ;
 Then ask of thy victors in the cold earth to rest,
 In some wild barren nook, as a last, last request :
 And when in wild anguish, thy spirit shall sink,
 Think then of the red man—let thy curse be to think ;
 These the boons that ye meted : all, all shall be given—
 " For thy God is my God "—Justice reigns in Heaven.

LIFE SCENES.

I've courted Life's pleasures, I've clasped at the form,
 But the substance proved fleeting as the dewdrops of morn ;
 Like the rose in its beauty, when plucked from its stem,
 Leaf by leaf falls away as we fondle the gem :
 'Tis thus with life's pleasures, evanescent as rare,
 Cast their perfume and beauty to waste on the air ;
 While we woo the fair goddess she's flitting away,
 And deceit lies in ambush to lure us astray.

I've sought the halls where the dance and the song,
 And the wine's sparkling glow had entwined the throng ;
 And I watched each fair breast as it rose and it fell,
 In joy's playful dalliance and pride's mystic spell :
 The pearl and the diamond proudly bore off the prize,
 Eclipsing fair Virtue, and dazzling all eyes,
 'Till the brain reeled insatiate in beauty's bright gleam,
 And delusion's false mirage o'erelclouded the scene.

Then I've wandered away to the low cabin door,
 And gazed o'er the threshold of the needy and poor ;
 No wine-cheering banquet was spread for their fare—
 No rubies nor pearls, nor diamond's false glare ;
 But the mock of a shelter from the night's piercing storm,
 And hunger's harsh cravings were stamped on each form,
 And the infant's low wail, as it slumbered in pain,
 Darkly painted the contrast that palsied the brain.

Then my night-truant footsteps sadly wandered away
 To the halls of debauch, where, the mind led astray,
 An inebriate was revelling in the lust of the bowl—
 In the dire sickening lotion that poisons the soul;
 And I saw the loathed form of a genius once rare,
 Draining, haggard and wan, the dark cup of despair,
 Till the magnet of reason was lost in the gloom,
 And the wreck of the gifted lowly sank to the tomb.

And I said in my heart, as I left the sad scene,
 "How unstable and fleeting is life's happiest dream!"
 In youth's rosy morning, with prospects elate,
 Hope spreads her bright banner to battle with fate,
 But the siren of pleasure, false—false as she's fair,
 Leads her votaries onward to the cliff of despair,
 And the beacon that glittered on the storm-stricken height,
 Is lost in the gloom, like the meteor's light.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

Oh! could I but my boyhood's days in life again renew,
 And share that sweet paternal smile, as I was wont to do,
 E'er fancy's wild delusions had tempted me to roam,
 And leave the sweetest spot on earth, my home, my boyhood's
 home!

I've roamed in search of happiness, I've wandered long in vain,
 I've sought it in the social hall, and on the flowery plain;
 Its every charm has proved a blank, its pleasures are but lone,
 Compared to those loved scenes of youth, my home, my boyhood's
 home.

I've ranged the giddy mountain's height, and in the lonely glen,
 And sought for rest in solitude, far from the haunts of men;
 There, like some lonely hermit, unknowing and unknown,
 I've freighted every breeze with sighs for home, my boyhood's
 home.

When first my truant feet would roam, a father's hand I prest,
 And marked the deep commotion that throbbed a parent's breast.
 That mother's eye, so sweetly bright, in love it ever shone;
 No smile can e'er repay that glance! my home, my boyhood's
 home.

Full oft I view that hallowed spot in fancy's fitful dream;
 The garden walk, the cooling grot, and eke the crystal stream,
 Ah! for that lovely cottage, where my best days were known;
 There smiling peace forever reigned: my home, my boyhood's
 home!

Alas! that lovely arbour, once gemmed with sweetest flowers,
 Tressed by a Sister's gentle hand, it shone like fairy bowers;
 But now the beauteous alcove, with moss 'tis overgrown;
 The hand of Time has revelled there—my home, my boyhood's
 home!

BLUE BIRD.

I've watched for thee, my pretty bird,
 Long ere the buds had decked the bowers;
 Thou hast redeemed thy plighted word,
 True herald of the fragrant flowers.

Where hast thou wandered? what far clime
 Has held thee captive, say, my fair,
 Since last I fondly called thee mine.
 And nurtured thee with tender care?

Hence went ye forth with joyous brood,
 Four singing seraphs of the air;
 Thou now return'st in lonely mood;
 Where are thy birdlings?—tell me where.

There's one per chance has found a home,
 And kindred mate in some fair isle:
 And one mayhap is doomed to roam
 Far from his kin, a lone exile.

Two yet remain; where, where are they?
 Has fate transixed them with its shaft?
 Thy voice proclaims in mournful lay,
 They perished in the wintry blast.

Like household group, one hallowed form
 Gave life to all, and cherished food,
 But when exposed to life's cold storm,
 They're scattered like thy feathered brood.

But thou, old friend, true to thy sphere,
 Shall jocund make the arbor ring;
 No songster shall displace thee here,
 Sweet messenger of early spring.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

My boyhood's on the rifling stream, I'm floating with the tide—
 Green mossy banks and tressed bowers, are spreading far and wide;
 The dripping oar, all reckless hangs, and Phœbus gilds the dawn
 In purple tints of early Spring, and violets on the lawn.

The tiny bark glides smoothly on, the streamlet leaves the vale;
 Unskillful youth discards the oar, and rears the flowing sail;
 The chart is spread, each depth and shoul is beacons to the eye,
 Rich freighted with delusive hopes, beneath the azure sky.

Full soon the stream in volumes swell, the youth to manhood's
 grown,
 The Zephyr's soft and luring voice still breathes its merry tone;
 The dark blue sea's expansive waste, is cradled in the view,
 And every charm lies buried there, that fancy's minion drew.

Rich gaudy plumage of the main, is fluttering in the ken,
 Each crested mast its banner waves, to crown their little gem;
 Swan-like sporting in the breeze, as Ind in spicy vales,
 In wantonness supinely sleeps, reckless of coming gales.

The mirrowed deep, like heaving breasts by frightful visions torn,
 Wild undulating in its couch, dread spirits of the storm
 Are writhing in its oozy womb, pent 'neath the Trident's sway,
 Full soon to burst in wrathful pride, and wreath the foaming spray.

Yon little cloud of sable brow, dread messenger of fate,
 Torn trembling from its tempest lair, and hurled by gloomy hate
 Is hovering o'er the vast expanse, the lightning's fetid breath
 In fitful glare begrins the scene, like tapers at the bed of death!

The feathered couch of silvery form, that lured the flowing sail,
 And bore upon its bosom soft, that little craft so frail;
 Surged by the mighty storm King's wrath, high as Olympus' swell,
 And fickle fate in sportive mood chants chorus to the knell.

Where now the beauteous argo, that entered on the tide—
 The mossy banks and tower, that spread so far and wide?
 The surf-bound shore and craggy cliffs, are all that meet the eye;
 And such is Life—a wild routine, one fatal east of die.

CAMPAIGN SONGS,

WRITTEN DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1852.

"THAT RICH IRISH BROGUE."

Air—*Exiles of Erin.*

There comes to our shore a voice o'er old Erie,
'Tis Democracy's anthems that herald our ears,
Sad discord to Whiggery, and the sons of old Erin,
Inhale the soft zephyrs, with shouts of "three cheers."

Alas! for that cabin, reared high on the clay bank,
The flag that once floated, is tattered and torn,
The cabin's degraded by foul whig pollution,
And the notes in its recess are sad and forlorn.

Oh, should they degrade the loved creed of our Fathers;
Should the cabin polluted e'er echo its theme;
Forgive it, kind Heaven. Wa't not o'er the waters
One foul breath of its actor's political scheme.

Like the fable of old, in false robes they're roaming,
And vibrate their notes on Religion and wrong;
But list not! oh, list not! to political sirens,
They would sell our poor birth-right for less than a song.

They have rung every change on the "rich brogue" of Erin,
And the Germanic accent is sweet music to hear,
But the digits protrude from the head of the lion,
And the brogue of his braying is unjoyous cheer.

Sons of Erin, arouse ye! Shake off the infection
Hypocritical demons have dared to proclaim;
Profane not the altar, its precepts are sacred,
And free from pollution let it ever remain.

One sigh for old Erin, its wrongs and oppressions,
 The theme that we cherish, shall give each son a home;
 May the star that e'er guided a Grattan and Emmet,
 Be the beacon to light us wherever we roam.

SAILORS AHOY!

DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

We are a great and mighty Nation; we extend from Sea to Sea,
 We're the brightest orb in nature, of all that's great and free;
 Then cherish well this freedom; pollute not the Stripes and Stars;
 Yield not the palm of victory to any SON OF MARS.
 In wisdom rally to the polls, and cast a freeman's mite.
 The golden fleece of Colchis one party would obtain,
 But the hand of honest industry my muse shall e'er proclaim.

We're a noble band of Brothers, the power is in our hands;
 Then, let us up the glittering height, where freedom's altar stands.
 There have we sworn, by Him who reigns, ne'er to pollute its
 shrine,
 Nor crouch beneath a despot's sway, while yon bright orb shall
 shine.
 Then rally, freemen rally! that oath you must fulfil;
 Cast not your vote for despots, that EYE is on you still—
 That eye paternal e'er shall smile, if wisdom guides your way,
 Nor the clouded sun of despotism o'ershadow freedom's day.

We're a Democratic Nation; Tyrants tremble on the throne,
 For the wave is wafting onward, that shall reach from Zone to
 Zone.
 And the purple robes of Tyranny shall be shivered in the blast,
 And the Stripes and Stars of Liberty be nailed to every mast.
 Then rally, freeman rally! cast not your votes away;
 Oh! the silken glove of Whiggery, IT NE'ER SHALL RULE THE DAY.
 For we're the bone and sinew; we toil through cold and rain;
 In the ARK OF TRUE DEMOCRACY our rights we will maintain.

We're a great commercial Nation; we traverse every Sen,
 And the ensign floating o'er us, is an emblem of the free;
 No Tyrant dare molest it, nor obliterate one gem,

Of the diamond stars that glitter in this glorious diadem.
Then, rally, freemen rally ! be foremost in the fight,
In the fickle storm of Whiggery, behold our beacon light !
In the Haven of Democracy your anchorage is sure,
And the rights of every Seaman shall ever be secure.

You're a noble band of Mariners ! brave nurslings of the blast !
May the Ocean King protect you, when the tempest's driving fast ;
May kind Neptune hover near you and assuage the cruel storms !
But beware of fickle Nereus, he assumes a thousand forms.
Then, rally, Seamen rally ! Nereus rides upon the storm,
Clad in the cloak of Whiggery, behold his demon form ;
His light is false, delusive ; there's breakers on the strand,
But the light of true Democracy lies on the starboard hand.

We're a noble band of freemen ; we fraternize the land,
And the oppressed of every nation receive a friendly hand.
Though Europe sends her millions, we've lands and homes for all ;
The Eagle of Democracy no Despot shall appal.
Then, rally, freemen rally ! each ADOPTED SON of Earth,
We extend the hand of welcome, no matter where your birth ;
For the principle we cherish, is EQUALITY TO ALL,
And o'er cruel Whig restriction, we cast the funeral pall.

CARRIERS' ADDRESSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOLEDO REPUBLICAN AND DAILY COMMERCIAL.

ADDRESS FOR 1853.

At last, 'tis come, the requiem bell
Night's stillness breaks; Old Year, farewell!
Scarce thirteen moons have waned away,
We hailed thy birth, a New Year day;
But soon, full soon, thy race is run,
Thy tale is told, the song is sung—
And many and various changes rung
On human destiny.

The brightest stars within our sphere
Have paled and died with thee, Old Year;
Our Webster's gone, our Clay's no more,
Whose fame has spread from shore to shore.
Farewell! they sleep; but deathless fame
Shall ever herald forth the name
Of Clay and Webster.

But now thy lay, Old Year, to sing,
Deep draughts from memory's fount I'll bring,
And take a brief perspective view,
First of the old world, then the new.
There's much to mar my muse's strain
When painting Hungary and its pain;
But, not regarding Austrian might,
The truth shall glow in freedom's light.
Kossuth—a meteor from Hungarian skies,
Where freedom's germ in embryo lies—
He came, Columbia's honored guest,
To claim a patriot's high behest;
One Eaglet's plume he pluck'd and wore,
When first he pressed fair freedom's shore,
And asked of freedom's sons that plume
To stay his Fatherland from doom.
Our Eagle's plumes when dip'd in gall
Can every Tyrant monarch pall—
In gall they yet shall cross the main,
To tyranny a deadly bane.

Hapsburgh beware! young Eagles soar,
 Like storm clouds far from freedom's shore;
 There, perched in eyrie, free from harm,
 They watch to stay the Tyrant's arm.
 Our Eagle's eye is peered on thee,
 Though wide its flight o'er mount and sea;
 But, like the tempest-laden cloud,
 Its beak shall furl the funeral shroud
 O'er Austrian tyranny.

Change we the theme, but not the lay,
 Where other tyrants hold the sway—
 To sunny France, that land of mirth
 That claims Napoleon, barring birth,
 Now crouched beneath a Despot's sway—
 More dark than Robespierian day.
 Louis! thy Sun's meridian light
 Shall set in dark and gloomy night!
 France shall arouse, no tyrant's hand
 Shall hold the sway in that fair land.
 Frenchmen, be free! yield not the right
 To any Despot's conquered night!
 Marseilles! Marseilles! Oh let it ring
 From shore to shore, that glorious hymn!
 True herald of a signet vow
 To lay the proud usurper low.
 To other themes, I change the lay,
 Where Spanish tyrants hold the sway—
 To Cuba's coral girded Isle,
 Where nature wears her blindest smile;
 But nature smiles for her in vain
 While tyrants wield the galling chain;
 But Cuba yet a gem shall be,
 And wear the emblem of the free.
 Lopez! for thee we grant the tear,
 Though folly brought thy early bier;
 Thy motive just, thy cause was good,
 Though sunk in gloomy scenes of blood;
 Thy death of shame shall yet be crowned,
 And Cuba yet shall rear a mound
 To Lopez's name.

To Northern skies my muse shall go,
 Where gleams eternal frost and snow;
 Where vitreous frowning icebergs reign
 The mighty giants of the main.
 Midst floating mountains of the sea
 We dread, Sir John, to think of thee;
 And for thy constant Lady true
 All that a pitying world can do
 Is done.

But more; while one bright ray of hope shall shine,
 We'll traverse every northern clime,
 Nor ever yield a hope for thee,
 Until we know thy destiny.
 Lady! hope on, thy hope, not bright,
 Like Cynthia's ray, is borrowed light;
 Thy constancy through earth is crowned,
 Of woman's love the world renowned.

And now to freedom's gifted shore
 The muse his richest strain shall pour.
 Land of my birth! land of my strain!
 Here no foul despot's hand can reign;
 Here no oppressor brands our land—
 We are the people, and command;
 We are the brightest glorious gem,
 That any mortal mind can ken;—
 Here Heaven's richest blessings shower,
 Here Earth pours forth her richest store,
 Here feel we no despot's power
 The poor to brand.

Here man's a man, though not a lord;
 We feel no government of sword,
 "Grant equal rights," is our watchword
 In this fair land.

Two Sister States have reared themselves,
 On wild Pacific's coast;
 The "Golden Land" and Oregon,
 Of these, we proudly boast.
 There's Mexico that now is ruled
 In most disgraceful manner,
 Should guarded be by Uncle Sam,
 And shielded by his banner.

We've Canada upon the north,
 Crying for Annexation,
 With this spliced on, we'd surely be
 A mighty thriving nation.

Our yarn's most spun, so now for fun;
 We'll talk of things in vogue—
 Election's o'er, we'll say no more
 'Bout that "RICH IRISH BROGUE;"
 No more we greet the accent sweet
 Of whiggery's columned troop!
 The party muss of "FAINT" and "FUSS"
 Have paused to take their "SOUP."

About these times of jingling rhymes
 Railroads are all the go;
 You need not laugh, the telegraph
 Will soon be much too slow.
 Steamboats of late are out of date,
 Ye rovers of the main;
 'Tis but a stride to take a rido
 Upon the Railroad train.

We'll all agree in fifty-three
 Inventions will be made;
 Old jingling brass, Payne's water gas
 Will all be in the shade.
 Goodrich & Co., with canes to go,
 And engines by Erleson:
 Whose Caloric ship, is bound to whip,
 Each other "Yankee fixin."

These busy days we've many ways,
 To cheer an honest man;
 So greet with joy the Carrier Boy,
 And aid him what you can.
 It is but fair, if you should spare,
 The "Boys" a little "TIN;"
 'Twixt you and me, they love to see,
 Those shining wheels roll in.

CARRIERS' ADDRESS OF 1854.

OLD YEAR—Upon thy hoary head
 The funeral pall at last is spread;
 But scarcely had'st thou doffed the crown,
 And feebly laid the sceptre down.
 Ere ruling Time with ceaseless round,
 Another New Year day had crowned,
 And stamped thy life a fleeting scene,
 That vanished like the twilight gleam,
 In gloomy night.

But one good friend of thine, Old Year,
 Will chant thy dirge and drop a tear.
 Though I no gift I pencil bring,
 In mellow strains thy lay to sing,

Yet I will tell when thou wert born—
 'Twas on a cloudless winter's morn;
 The circling snow-flakes clothed the earth,
 When joy proclaimed a New Year's birth;
 Youth, manhood, and old age for thee,
 Joined in the song with happy glee.
 Spring followed early in thy reign,
 With countless beauties in its train;
 And Summer's suns beamed o'er the plain,
 And Autumn, with its golden grain,
 Made glad the heart.

Raise we the pall to light the gloom,
 And strew these chaplets o'er thy tomb;
 But as I chant thy lay, Old Year,
 My muse shall wipe the falling tear.
 There's many a theme I'd fain forego,
 Deep stained in dies of human woe.
 Wild raging war, on foreign shore,
 Now feeds her soil with crimson gore;
 Proud turbaned Turks, from harems fair,
 Have nobly braved the Russian Bear;
 Already France, for conflict rife,
 Unsheaths the sword for deadly strife;
 And England, too, prompt to her call,
 Will proudly stand or nobly fall.
 One barking cur the strife foregoes,
 Bars helping friends, or braving foes,
 But like the wolf, when shepherds sleep,
 Would pounce upon defenceless sheep.
 False Austria, thy midway stand
 Shall crouch beneath the giant's hand!
 One taper-match would light the mine,
 To hurl thee from thy guilty shrine!
 Oh, for the fabled dragon's tooth.
 To cast upon thy plains, forsooth,
 When bristling with its crops of men,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 Hungarians' wrongs, Hungarians' woes,
 Should then be felt by Hungary's foes.
 Poor, bleeding Hungary, I chant thy lay
 In bitter absynth of delay:
 Thou art sleeping now, and o'er thy grave
 The willow and the cypress wave;
 Dream yet awhile—bide well your time—
 A torch, lit up at Freedom's shrine,
 Wide o'er thy blood-stained realm shall shine,
 And Liberty shall yet be thine,
 In Fatherland.

Prophetic muse! thy strain proclaims,
 Ere summer's sun to autumn wanes,

That blood shall flow on Europe's plains,
 Like lava from dread Ætna's flames—
 And snow-clad mounts and ice-bound streams,
 Shall echo with the vulture's screams;
 And tottering thrones shall fall to earth,
 Insignias of unholy worth;
 And troubled Europe's pent up fires
 Burst forth in flames on kingly sires,
 To shake the earth.

Italia—bright land of song,
 Thou long hast felt the oppressor's wrong—
 Predestined by dread fate to be
 The sport of future destiny.
 When Europe's fires shall fiercely burn,
 In Fortune's wheel thou too shalt turn,
 And with the nations of the earth,
 Aspire to freemen's noble worth!
 Nay, seize the right—'twas thine of yore;
 At Freedom's shrine ye swore before,
 No tyrant's foot should brand the shore
 Of Italy.

Wild roams my muse to Erin's shore,
 But nature smiles for her no more;
 Green Isle of Fate, thy sons in vain
 Have strove for years to ease thy pain.
 But Tara's harp on Tara's walls
 Hangs mute and dumb midst withered palls;
 The sweetest strains that bards e'er sung,
 Have powerless on thy tyrants rung—
 The deepest lore failed to impart
 One gem of hope to cheer thy heart.
 Oh, England, would thy sons but see
 One half of Ireland's misery—
 Could you but feel one yearning pang
 That hunger gives to starving man—
 No more you'd rant on Afric's pains,
 Of slavery and its galling chains,
 When at your door more evil lies,
 More needy want, more wailing cries,
 Than any Africs on our shore
 Have ever known or ever bore.
 Be patient, Ireland—wait your hour;
 Though now within the tyrant's power,
 Thy sires of old look down on thee,
 And plaintive mourn thy misery;
 Kind, pitying Heaven sees thy woes,
 And bares the arm to stay thy foes.
 Wait, then—thou yet shalt be
 As bright a gem as decks the sea;

And thy sweet bards, in melting strains,
 Shall tune the harp on Erin's plains,
 And tyranny shall loose its chains
 O'er thy green isle.

Great Nature, in thy earliest plan,
 Was it ordained that lordling man
 Should, by his blood of kingly birth,
 Crush down his fellow man to earth?
 Did Heaven decree that mind and right
 Should bend the knee to wrong and might?
 No, tyrants, no! the truth deny—
 The stars and stripes give back the lie!
 Behold this gem, this glorious gem—
 Columbia's freeman's diadem!
 It floats aloft o'er mount and sea,
 The proud, prized emblem of the free.
 'Twas bought with blood—bought, did I say?
 No, wrenched from a tyrant's grasp away.
 Fierce was the conflict, dire the gloom,
 That gave to us this priceless boon—
 The richest boon that mortal man
 Or human mind can ever scan.
 And here we swear, on bended knee,
 To lop no branch from this proud tree.
 No firebrand from old Europe thrown,
 Shall e'er molest our peaceful zone:
 No tyrant shall pollute our land,
 While Freedom's sons can raise a hand.

Kind Patrons all—may you enjoy
 This effort of the Carrier Boy:
 May this bright dawn of this New Year
 Overflow your board with happy cheer;
 May Spring soon follow in the train,
 And Summer's sun shine o'er the plain,
 And Autumn, with its golden grain,
 Make glad the heart.

ADDRESS FOR 1855.

With measured numbers' chiming notes,
 Back o'er the past stale memory floats,
 Back o'er the year that's just laid down
 His hoary head and honored crown;
 Back to those scenes—eventful Time
 With baffled hopes has wreathed his shrine,
 And gloomed the gems of household cheer,
 In death's black pall and silent bier;
 And curtained in the womb of earth
 Full many a flower that hailed his birth;
 And many a bud told fair to bloom,
 Beneath his frosts sunk to the tomb.
 His palsied hand the sceptre swayed,
 Till Earth her utmost tithe had paid.
 No feathered shaft or quivering bow,
 With fatal twang has laid him low;
 All silvered o'er with honored age,
 His sphere was filled. Rest, honored sage,
 Another leaf on nature's page,
 Is turned.

Through all the vale of by-gone time
 Each circling year knells change of chime;
 Each household notes the changeful scenes
 And seeks for charms in folly's dreams,
 Each fleeting joy (for joys are brief)
 Are leavened with the yeast of grief.
 How many human flowers of earth,
 That bloom to-day in beauty's birth,
 Shall breathe their fragrance in this sphere
 When time shall tell another year?
 Prophetic past! from thee we learn
 The dread decree that opes the urn.
 Gaze we on thee—scarce yet inurned,
 And scan the page that's just been turned.
 First on the list comes war's alarms,
 The neigh of steeds and din of arms;
 The cannon's roar, and battle's strife,
 Where fame is bought with human life,
 Where blood and carnage reign supreme,
 And grim Wolves howl and Vultures scream;
 Where warriors die in bloody graves,
 Plumes for their Kings—poor tyrants' slaves.
 My wandering muse shall cross the flood,
 To Crimea's plains, to fields of blood;
 There to behold war's naked form—
 The child of Mars, cursed o'er 'twas born.
 While wandering o'er the crimsoned plain,
 We'll gather trophies from the slain;

Quake not, though horrors shake thy soul—
'Tis Mars that's reveling in the bowl:
Clip from this brow one lock of hair,
'Tis stiff with gore, it once was fair;
Transmit it to his widowed wife;
Bid her not weep, 'twas hers in life;
And weave it in her weeds of woe,
The last poor boon she e'er can know.
'Tear from that wrist that auburn braid;
'Twas wove with pearls by Scotia's maid;
Those pearls were tears 'twere vain to weep,
No pearly tears can wake his sleep.
The golden zone that gems yon hand
Was girdled there in foreign land;
To them 'twill bear his bloody doom
And sink their grey hairs to the tomb.
On yon cold neck's a gilded chain;
That signet tells from whence he came;
A lock of hair encased in gold;
'Twas hers—'twas hers—the story's told.
A star is glittering on yon breast
Bedimmed with blood; but let it rest;
I cannot tear that gem away,
My heart is sick—it mars my lay.
For England's Queen, one casket close
With headless trunks of her proud foes.
These are her Trophies from the field,
The brightest gems that war can yield.
Proud France may claim a like behest;
Grim visions slain shall haunt his rest;
Wars beauteous charms shall shake his soul,
And blood drops tinge the sparkling bowl.
Why yields the earth its bounteous store,
When every seed is tinged with gore?
Why don't the sun hold back his light;
Why beams the glorious moon at night,
When fiends of earth, in bloody strife,
Go forth to combat, life for life?
For victory's boon loud prayers are given,
A stigma on thy throne, just heaven.
Two mighty nations, hand to hand,
Have joined their hosts to gloom the land;
But when this bloody war is o'er
The scene will change to Britain's shore;
And Britain's sons be made to feel
The valor of their allied "gael."
Think ye, proud England! think of yore;
Weep o'er the wrongs a monarch bore,
Think on yon barren sea girt isle,
Where nature never deigned a smile,
Then think on France; think on her sire,

And dread volcanic pent up fire,
That bides its time to vent its ire
And lay thee low.

Think ye that France forgets her wrongs;
The siren lured thee with a song.
Thou art sold—the direful hand is on the wall,
And vengeful waits to spread thy pall.
Ere half another century's noon,
Thy brilliant sun shall set in gloom;
Night—Plutonian night, shall shadow o'er
All that contains thy Lion's roar;
Thy wooden walls shall crumble down
Beneath the monarch's vengeful frown;
Proud France will then assert her claim
O'er half of all thy vast domain;
Thy provinces shall hail the day,
And bid farewell to tyrants' sway;
Poor Ireland then, though crushed to earth,
Shall re-assert her free-born birth;
And Tara's halls shall ring again,
And their sweet bards shall breathe the strain,
And Ireland free, flower of the main,
Shall bloom.

As yon tall oak the tempest shakes,
All Europe in commotion quakes.
The Magyar chiefs, forced from their home,
On foreign lands in exile roam.
Poor Hungary in servile chains;
Dismembered Poland groans with pains;
And weeping Italy bowed to earth
Forgets her noble Roman birth;
But e're this bloody banner's furled
All Europe in one maelstrom whirled,
While war's loud thunders shake the world,
For weal or woe.

My muse has wandered long in vain
With naught to cheer, but much to pain,
Bright land of worth, to thee I come;
Europia's plains are not my home.
Those purple robes that tyrants wear,
I loathe them as the serpent's lair.
Columbia! thy peaceful fireside claims
The happiest sphere on earth's domains.
Whose life blood does not chill his veins,
To hear the woes on foreign plains?
And whose cold heart don't thrill in glee
To breathe the pure air of the free?
Prophetic as my muse may seem—

In wandering thoughts perchance I dream;
 But fain would sleep, and dream again,
 If dreams could smooth the couch of pain;
 But are there dreams beyond this sphere?
 What dreams can soothe yon corse's ear?
 For worthless fame ye gild the shield
 And talk of glory in the field.
 In war's dread theme I find no worth;
 'Twas hell engendered and accursed at birth,
 The tyrants footstool and the curse of earth.
 In lengthened ode, kind patrons all,
 O'er all that's past we spread the pall.
 Perchance my theme may seem too cold;
 Perchance my prophecies too bold;
 But take them, patrons, as they are,
 The truthful horrors of the scenes of WAR.

ADDRESS FOR 1856.

Etch we another year to Time,
 In circling strides and constant chime,
 Changing, unchanged;
 That brilliant orb, the god of day,
 Unchanged, beams forth his genial ray;
 The stately Queen that rules the night,
 Casts forth the same rich, mellow light;
 Those astral gems that stud the sky,
 In radiant luster greet the eye;
 All things unchanged in Nature's sphere,
 Save Time's rude hand on thee, Old Year,
 Has spread the pall.

Muse we on thee, and musing, learn
 With Scotia's bard, that all must mourn.
 What ills, what woes, what scenes of strife,
 Thy thirteen moons have waked to life;
 The sighs, the wails, on mount and plain,
 On fields of blood and billowy main,
 My muse shall scan.

When first thou entered on the sphere,
 All hailed thee as a happy year;
 The festive board with dainties crowned,
 And joyful glee did loud resound;

The lyre for thee was newly strung,
 And every note in concert rung.
 With ill's thy sire had darked our mind,
 For thee we proudly cast behind;
 Thou wast our hope, the past was gone—
 A brittle reed we leant upon.
 Scarce hadst thou doffed thy swaddling clothes,
 Thy sky was changed, dark storms arose,
 And every breeze brought from afar
 The thundering, death-fraught blasts of war;
 Not war alone, a triple scourge,
 War, flood, and plague, with mighty surge,
 Swept o'er the earth.

In low, thatched cot, and palace fair,
 Was heard the wail of deep despair;
 Dread pestilence wide o'er the land,
 With fatal blight had waved the wand;
 Its clammy coils, when once entwined,
 No power could loose, or art unbind;
 No flight outstrip, no cave could hide
 Its victim from the giant's stride.
 The rumbling hearse night's stillness broke,
 And morning's dawn new fears awoke;
 The bravest quailed, fear compassed all;
 The shroud, the grave, the funeral pall,
 Spread deepest gloom.

The deep blue sea's insatiate womb
 Has hurled its thousands to the tomb;
 Midst pearls they lie, no stranger's tread,
 No cenotaph reared o'er their head;
 No lettered slab their virtues name,
 No earth-bound friend their tomb can claim;
 In ooze they sleep; their requiem knell,
 The billowy ocean's mournful swell;
 The mermaids in their stormy sphere
 For them shall weave the sea-weed bier,
 And desolation drop a tear
 O'er their lone graves.

Sir John, thy fate at last is known;
 Thy death-bed laid in ice-bound zone;
 No fragrant flowers, reared o'er thy tomb
 By friendship's hand, shall ever bloom;
 No weeping willow round thy grave
 Its mournful branches e'er shall wave;
 The whistling winds, and gloomy glare
 Of snow-clad wastes fore'er shall share
 Thy crystal bed.

All Europe clanks with battle roar,
 All eyes are turned on Europe's shore;
 E'en England quakes, though loud her boats—
 She counted costs without her host.
 Tell me, ye wise, deep skilled in lore,
 Why England battles on that shore?
 Why France maintains against the Czar
 Her legions in this bloody war?
 Is it for Turkey and her cause,
 Her church and its fanatic laws;
 Or is the Turkey's goblin tones
 Less frightful than the Bear's harsh groans?
 My muse in reason claims the theme,
 That under current bloods the stream:
 'Tis Turkish realms the barriers give
 To India's plains, lets Turkey live;
 Could Nicholas one foothold gain
 Across that stormy inland main,
 The Nile were his, and England's gold
 On India's shores were bought and sold.
 'Tis that the Lion dreads the Bear,
 When creeping from his icy lair.
 'Tis to the proud usurper's name,
 High aspirations for Napoleon's fame,
 Makes France unfurl in this dread war
 Her banner to the sons of Mars;
 With her proud foe she clasps the hand,
 Their legions join in hostile band,
 To conquer on a foreign land,
 Or die.

To conquer! oh, 'twas dear bought gain,
 Such victory as on Alma's plain;
 As Greece once said, thrice of the same,
 Would bring defeat, retreat and shame.
 At Inkerman, oh, bloody field,
 Though Russia's sons were forced to yield,
 They slew upon the battle-field,
 The pride of England.

The brand, the red man's lighted brand,
 Has broke the peace of this fair land;
 Emerging from their rocky henge,
 In dark pursuit of stern revenge,
 The tomahawk and scalping knife
 Reek with the blood of human life.
 They plead their wrongs: we little know
 The wrongs the red man must forego;
 Poor injured race, their tale is told;
 Their heritage is bought and sold;
 A mess of pottage scarce they drew,

For richest realms the world e'er knew.
 One century more, you scarce shall trace
 One tribe of all the Indian race;
 Crushed to the earth, there to remain,
 Save as the Bard shall chant their name;
 Save as some offspring's haughty brow
 Shall knit in gloom with cherished vow,
 To curse, yes curse, the ruthless band
 That took by stealth his sires broad land,
 And forced them from their vernal homes
 To rocky cliffs and barren zones,
 To chant their dirge in mournful tones,
 And pass away.

One moment more, sweet Muse, I claim,
 And ask of thee thy richest strain:
 Columbia's sons claim at thy hand
 A tribute due no foreign land.
 No sculptured marble's giddy height
 Proclaims to us a tyrant's might;
 We bend no knee at despot's nod,
 We reverence no lords but God;
 Our altar on yon towering height,
 Is Freedom's emblem—freemen's might.
 The soaring eagle's eyrie's there,
 Her birdling's safe from fowler's snare;
 With wings expanded broad and free,
 She covers all from sea to sea;
 And doubt not, skeptic, when full grown,
 Will span the earth from zone to zone.
 The world—the world looks on in pride
 To see Columbia's onward stride;
 Pride, did I say? nay, nay, 'tis fear;
 The curtain drawn, they see their bier;
 They hear the click, the mystic loom
 That weaves the web to shroud their tomb;
 Each tottering throne that crumbles down,
 Ah! never more shall rear a crown;
 The sacred mandate loud proclaims
 That tyranny shall loose its chains:
 The star-geomed ensign here unfurled,
 Shall change the aspect of the world,
 And tyrants from their thrones be hurled,
 To fraternize the earth.

Kind Patrons all, my tale is o'er;
 I've led you on from shore to shore;
 Each little theme that memory drew,
 I've faintly painted up to view.
 May health and happiness your homes surround,
 And every festive board be crowned,
 With dainties rich and rare.

ADDRESS FOR 1857.

Ungenerous Time's relentless hand,
 Again has waved the ruthless wand.
 His thirteen moons have waned away,
 And earth hath zoned the God of Day.
 Again the Bard has oped the scroll,
 And notes the cycles as they roll.
 How little think the thoughtless gay,
 Whilst heralding this New Year day,
 That each successive round will tell
 Sad tales of woe, with doleful knell—
 That every dying year will score
 On beauty's brow one furrow more—
 That every drooping lily's head
 Beneath yon mounds where sleep the dead,
 Have hailed alike the New Year day,
 And Bards unnumbered tuned the lay,
 In mournful strains, and passed away,
 Forever!

Tell me, ye wise, "deep skilled in lore,"
 Why gaze in transport on yon shore?
 Why eager press toward the tomb,
 And court the flowers that ne'er shall bloom?
 On—on ye press, for gold and fame—
 Worthless alike, and false as vain!
 For ere ye clasp the diadem,
 The bubble bursts, and false the gem!
 But such is life: within yon pale
 There's hidden sweets. But draw the veil—
 Those sweets are gall! Scan well the past.
 Their fragrance to the air is cast.
 And withered flowers freight every blast
 That blows.

Poor fickle man, learn well this moral,
 That wreaths of night-shade are not laurel.
 My dreaming muse shall scan the past,
 And note the flowers that freight the blast;
 Each hollow gale that sweeps around,
 Weaves drooping flowers o'er every mound.
 That potent opiate, playful chance,
 Like siren's lure, gives back no glance;
 But charming hope's blue laughing eye,
 With sable clouds oft shroud the sky:
 False mirage of deceitful time,
 Like gilded serpent's luring chime;
 With magic wand points to yon vale,
 In dimpled smiles, like sybil's tale;
 And simple nature quaffs the bowl,

Mild lotion for the panting soul :
 But e'er it soothes the aching breast,
 Grim vultures to our tortured rest,
 And, like the past, a false behest
 Is all the boon.

Ethereal strife ! no power can stand
 The lashings of thy giant hand ;
 The mermaids, fearful of thy foam,
 In terror seek some rocky dome ;
 The mighty monsters of the main,
 Deep, deep beneath thy wrath remain ;
 The surge-bound shore by thee is strown
 With mastless wrecks, like pebbles thrown.
 In oozy chambers of the deep,
 On pearly beds, what thousands sleep !
 Can gems of pearl soothe their lone grave ?
 Go ask grim Triton of the wave.
 His funeral car, war freighted o'er
 With mariners for that dread shore :
 Clouds, tempest-laden in their gloom,
 In fury burst, to shroud their tomb.
 Chant we their lay ? nay—nay, 'tis tolled
 By mountain billows foaming rolled ;
 Etched by the coral be their stone,
 Low in their sea-weed wreathing zone—
 While weeds of woe shall shroud the home
 They once have loved !

E'en that proud craft, pride of the West,
 Sunk down in flames on Erie's breast ;
 And Erie's waves in silvery spray,
 Chants o'er that gem the requiem lay.
 End we not here, for every gale
 Wafts on its wings some doleful tale
 Of disport on the mighty wave,
 Of anguish and a billowy grave,
 While art vies art in vain to save
 The nurslings of the storm.

Rest—pale victims of the blast,
 Thy tale is told, thy anguish past ;
 Calumny and its loathsome form,
 With its vile slime have fed the storm—
 But clouds of strife are swept again,
 And peaceful sunshine beams again.
 Sage fathers of Columbia's land,
 Thy foresight stayed disunion's hand.
 No realm within earth's wide domains
 Scarce ever change thy courser's reins,
 But direful discord shakes their plains,
 With blood and carnage.

Our reins are changed ! and Wheatland's sage
 Now mounts the car the courser's gage,
 And, history shall note the page
 For good or evil.

War's lurid storms on Europe's shore
 Have drenched her plains in crimson gore;
 But now the direful contest past,
 And weeping willows freight the blast.
 In low thatched cot, and palace halls,
 The scarfs of mourning drape the wall;
 Yon widow, robed in sable gear,
 Wears gems that palled the bloody bier—
 That sculptured mound that rears its head,
 Speaks anguish for the honored dead.
 Yon hoary head and tottering form,
 In silence weeps for his first-born;
 And mother's wails, and orphan's cries,
 In clouded vapors fill the skies.
 Can chiseled lines and glowing strains,
 Yield soothing balm for rankling pains?
 No melting strain from minstrel's lay,
 Can wreath one smile on death's cold clay.
 The Bard may chant, and towers may rise
 With gilded domes to mock the skies:
 Cold in the grave the treasure lies
 None can restore.

Columbia's sire ! loved, honored name,
 Thy chaplets wave in spotless fame:
 Yon eagles wings e'er bear the plume,
 And proudly hovers o'er thy tomb.
 This glorious land—wide world renowned,
 Within the urn by thee is crowned.
 From spirit land grant this request,
 That o'er our realm thy eye may rest—
 That vile disunion ne'er may wave
 Its bloody banner o'er thy grave;
 Accursed the hand that rears the blade
 To mar the tranquil of thy shade!
 From snow-clad mount, and teeming plain,
 Thy priceless gift, all—all proclaim.
 Each hamlet of the farthest West,
 Chants anthems for thy spirit's rest.
 Then rest thee, chieftain ! on thy grave
 The greenest laurels e'er shall wave.
 No purple robe or diamond gem
 E'er seared thy brow ! thy diadem
 Is Liberty.

Is there a soul of form divine
 Dare desecrate fair freedom's shrine ?

If there's a wretch beneath the sky,
 Would o'er dissolve our sacred tie—
 Let hydra serpents form his bed;
 Cast burning lava on his head;
 Some cavern in the loneliest dell,
 In depths below the lowest Hell,
 With fiends and demons, let him dwell
 Forever.

My muse has ranged in gloomy bowers—
 My pencil painted withered flowers:
 But sparkling eyes, and beauty's smile,
 On this bright day all cares beguile:
 With health and happiness, may all be gay,
 And all enjoy this New-Year's day.

ADDRESS FOR 1858.

The sable plumes that deck yon bier
 Nod requiems o'er the silent year;
 His airy spirit took its flight
 To yon dread bourne at noon of night;
 'Twas yesterday, beside his bed,
 We gently raised his feeble head;
 To-day he slumbers with the dead,
 A thing that's past.

The past—the past—that dream-like shrine—
 Where is the past? Can sage divine?
 All blanks are filled that flood the rear,
 The present is our only cheer,
 And soon 'twill flit like yon old year
 To dark unknown.

We'll muse awhile on life's past scenes,
 And chronicle our various dreams;
 The age progressive simply scan,
 That girts the earth with arts of man;
 But doubt we if this hue and strife
 Adds happiness to human life.
 The golden gem that's forced from earth,
 To vile dissension gives its birth.
 Probe deep the theme, Can glittering ore

The trembling breath of life restore?
 One grain of corn will give more zest
 To yon poor starveling's panting breast,
 Than all that Cræsus e'er possessed
 Of glittering gold.

Why covet gold? when nature's plants
 More than satiate all human wants.
 The medium to further art
 Is all that gold can e'er impart;
 Or, if transmitted far and near,
 For diamond gems and gaudy gear,
 'Tis bubbles in this transient sphere
 That soon will burst.

E'en now convulsions fill the land,
 Shook by that mighty giant's hand;
 While he whose coffers are well stored,
 Is courted, petted, as a lord.
 'Tis gold—'tis gold that bars the door
 While mock intrinsic robs the poor.
 The hands that reared yon marble walls,
 Palatial piles and fresco halls,
 That plough the main and till the soil,
 And gain their bread by daily toil,
 And cater for these lords of earth,
 Of purer blood and nobler birth,
 Are deemed the scum, the stupid clan
 To bend their back for fellow man.
 Bend we the back, but not the knee,
 To any lord, our God, but thee.

Yon little cot beside the hill,
 Where bleats the flock and flows the rill,
 Where sweet contentment spreads the board
 And niggard wealth no treasures hoard:
 Save treasures of an honest heart—
 That glittering dross can ne'er impart;
 A sparkling eye and lovely form
 To greet me when my toil is done.
 Be that cot mine, the boon I crave,
 I ask naught else this side the grave.

Wide o'er the plains Columbia's land,
 Bears on her breast a rebel band;
 Base and polluted as the veriest beasts,
 They glutton in their demon feasts.
 Resolve this riddle, ye who can,
 What is the vilest course of man?
 To sear with infamy angelic worth,
 And make a hell of this fair earth—

To mock at virtue's sacred fane
 And prostitute that heavenly name;
 Cull from their stems the sweetest flowers,
 And wreath them in satanic bowers;
 Divide their love 'mongst forms divine,
 In brutal zest pollute that shrine—
 That priceless gem of untold worth
 That nature gave to cheer this earth.
 Oh, woman—woman—though Eden's bane,
 Not all are vile that bear thy name!
 For thee we brave the battle's strife—
 Without thee, what were human life?
 One wild routine, with discord rise
 Would gloom the earth.

One boon to that fanatic band
 That blots the chart of this fair land—
 Some crevice in a flinty cave,
 Midst slimy rocks that oceans lave,
 While tempest furies shake the wave
 To lull their rest.

Old Ocean, with its mighty power,
 Again hath claimed its two-fold dower;
 America, on that briny deep,
 Reclined her head to dreamless sleep.
 Not her alone, but countless more
 Have sunk beneath the storm-king's roar.
 What sighs, what wails, have filled the air,
 From mourning homes, in dark despair;
 No lettered slab can mark their grave,
 Deep, deep beneath the crested wave,
 Around their couch the sea-weeds lave,
 In silent dirge.

Celestial realms, thy tale is told;
 Thy heritage is bought and sold.
 The massive walls that girt thy shore
 Will fall beneath the cannon's roar.
 All Europe 'gainst thy crippled form,
 'Bides but its time to 'wake the storm,
 And soon the lightning's vivid glare
 Will brand thy throne a tyrant's lair;
 Yes, soon thy couch will rock with fear,
 And mothers weep the scalding tear,
 While maidens robed in sable gear
 Will mourn thy dead.

A long farewell to all past scenes;
 We'll now repose in future dreams.

New thoughts, bright views will fill the brain
 With flattering hope's deceitful train.
 Whoever turned the page of time
 And found each note to yield its chime?
 That luring future, beaming bright,
 Is false delusion's dawdling light.
 The veil that shrouds the future's form
 May prove the cloud to wake the storm.
 How many flowers, with laughing eye,
 Ere Autumn's frosts will droop and die!
 How many buds with petals rare,
 Will cast their fragrance to the air!
 How many in their manhood's bloom,
 By force of fate will find a tomb—
 And hoary heads and rev'rend forms
 Will bid adieu to fill their urns!
 This is the page! Time's mystic hand
 Holds forth a sure but wav'ring wand,
 And paints each sheet from year to year
 With months of grief for hours of cheer.
 The soldier on the battle field,
 Whose stalwart form is forced to yield
 And give his life-blood to the plain,
 Whilst writhing in delirious pain,
 Dreams of his home, his loved ones there,
 Fore'er bereft a father's care,
 Feels anguish in that dreadful hour
 No pen can paint, no mortal power
 Can e'er conceive.

Yon mother, 'side the cradle bed,
 To soothe that drooping lily's head
 And watch throughout the cheerless night
 Till death shall cast its withering blight;
 Feels pains at every flickering breath,
 As poignant as the pangs of death.
 All, all must yield to fate's decree,
 And bend alike the pliant knee;
 But, Patrons, may no blight or sear,
 E'er gloom thy pathway in this year:
 May health and friends and cheer be thine,
 And flow'rets sweet entwine the shrine
 Of your loved home.

LAUREL AND WILLOW.

'Neath the lone weeping willow I mourn o'er my fate,
O'er lost pleasures repining, I mourn but too late;
Like the mock child of fancy on folly's wild sea,
I've exchanged the green laurel for the lone willow tree.

'Neath the shade of the laurel have I carolled my care,
With spirits as buoyant as the pure ambient air;
But hushed are my numbers, no more sounds my glee,
I've exchanged the green laurel for the lone willow tree.

One plume plucked from Cupid, 'neath the star-dappled sky,
With the laurel was blended in that bright sparkling eye;
One glance 'waked each life string, attuned all to glee,
But my harp hangs unstrung on the lone willow tree.

Young life's gurgling pleasures, translucent its streams,
Gently lave at my feet in the mockery of dreams;
At the grey mists of morning the bright phantoms all flee,
In the grave lie my hopes 'neath the lone willow tree.

 THE FAREWELL.

Farewell! reluctantly I bid adieu, since we are doomed to part:
The seeds of friendship, deeply sown, shall bloom around the heart;
But soft upon my listening ear, hope, from her ivy den,
Breathes forth in smiling accents sweet, that we may meet again.

Oh! shall we ever meet again beneath the blue arched sky?
When shall the tender buds of hope bloom on the longing eye?
How oft shall summer's hoary frost launch on the wintry main—
"How many summer's suns shall set ere we shall meet again?"

If we should never meet again on life's tempestuous sea,
In memory's drafts on by-gone days, wilt sometimes think of me?
Through all the changeable scenes of life, come weal or woe amain,
One friendly thought I'll store for thee, should we ne'er meet
again.

MY GRAVE.

On the brow of yonder hill let my cold remains be laid,
Where the gathering flocks at noon-tide rest beneath the willow
shade ;
Where rich fragrance fills the zephyrs, and the robin cheers the
morn ;
And where sleep my Sire and Mother, near the cot where I was
born.

Decay has claimed the cottage, but the hill remains the same ;
No hand dare profanate that soil, it holds the sacred fane ;
Its time-worn spire still points aloft, with moss 'tis overgrown ;
Full three-score years of wasteful blight have rested on its dome.

No sculptured tablet would I have to desecrate this shade ;
Be mine the green-sward canopy that nature's hand has laid.
I scorn the scribbled epitaph ; proud wealth may laud the cone,
But I would sleep with friends I love, unblazoned by a stone.

When death hath shorn this fleece of life, and freed me from the
fold,
'Tis here I'll peacefully retire back to my native mould.
'Tis here I drew my infant breath ; this earth first gave me form,
And here I'll sleep the sleep of death, near the cot where I was
born.

OBITUARY.

[From the Toledo Commercial, March 2d, 1853.]

DIED—At Manhattan, Sunday evening, JAMES C. DOOLITTLE, aged 46 years.

Poor fellow! We knew him, in better days, when he was a jocund, merry-hearted school-boy, full of genius, with promise of a bright future before him, and friends without number to cheer him onward. Whatever his faults, none could deny to him the possession of remarkable genius, and a social nature that bore evidence of his fitness for a prouder station in life, than that which fell to his lot. He could have filled with credit any station; and there are those who have known him long, that will, now that he has gone, remember only his good qualities, and lament that one so gifted was not more favored in his earthly experience. But he has gone—and with the man, let his errors be forgotten, while the shining parts of his character only become the more prominent. It is of these alone that it befits us now to speak, and they were of a quality to command both admiration and respect. "Sons of Genius! Tread lightly upon his ashes, for he was akin to ye."

THE PROFLIGATE'S PRAYER.

He lay on his death bed, on his poor mat of straw—
Brain tortured with pain; form lean and lank,
No draft on the past could stale memory draw,
No hope for the present, the future a blank.

One lone solemn prayer—'twas the first that he gave
To the God he had scorned in the days of his pride;
No hope now could cheer, no penance could save,
That chill of remorse that his conscience betide.

But he prayed for his home, for the days of his youth,
For that mother who bent o'er his calm infant bed,
When his heart was unstained and unsullied his truth,
E'er the marks of guilt o'er his pathway were spread.

And he prayed for that fair one—a maniac now—
Seduced and defamed by a serpent's false tongue;
Memory painted the scene of the false plighted vow,
'Neath the vine tresseled shade where the dread deed was done.

Oh Heaven! he cried, could thou pardon me now?
Can that fiend of remorse from my bosom be staid,
Forgive, oh forgive me, that false plighted vow!
And restore to her reason the maniac maid.

Oh, where is that syren that lured me to madness?
And where, where, is that pale form enshrined in woe,
On despair's gloomy cliff she now scoffs at my sadness—
And beckons the demons to hurl me below.

Wild gleams my dim vision, O Death! thou art nigh,
Grim master of fate, in thy cold clammy coils,
I yield up my heart with a profligate's sigh,
Ddsolation's dark fiend, my poor bosom embroils.

Earth slides from my hold; Heaven's portals are closing;
The demons loud thunder now deafens my ears—
Hold! hold! 'twas a vision, now the billows uprising,
'Tis Mary's poor arm hurls me down from the sphere.

Mercy lent her kind ear, hope beamed a mild ray;
And the dread monster in his bosom was still,
May we hope that his prayer had softened the way,
To that bourne where the wicked cease from all ill.

I LOVE THE SPRING.

I love the spring, the early spring, its birth and beauty's bloom,
When nature bursts her icy bands, free from her wintry tomb;
And all the feathered songsters their meeting strains impart,
With morn's refulgent sunbeams to animate the heart.

I love the spring, the balmy, the gem of beauty's birth.
When nature in her livery green, o'ercarpets all the earth,
And every chilled and stunted leaf, breaks from its leafless cell,
And swells to life and loveliness in charms like fairy's spell.

I love the spring, the fragrant spring, when perfume fills the air,
When hyacinthen flowrets robe the hills and valley's fair,
Each gurgling fount and rippling rill, in a crystal nectar flows,
And evening's zephyrs waft the dew to glitter on the rose.

Not fancy's sketch can ever print the beauties of the spring.
Nor Shelley's Harp or Hemans' Lute, its loveliness can sing.
Of all the charms that nature yields, give me the sylvan bowers
Where life and joy and loveliness are wreathed in blooming flowers.

THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

Don't lay me in the grave-yard, mother; 'tis a lone and dreary place,

Where every idle strayer's gaze, my epitaph can trace,
And say there lays a thing of naught—a mother's hope forforn—
An evanescent bud of night that withered ere the morn.

But lay me in the garden, mother, beside where Willie lays;
Where the soft and gentle zephyrs, its nightly vigil plays;
And let no lettered slab, mother, betray our infant's tomb,
But o'er the little mound, mother, let sweetest flowrets bloom.

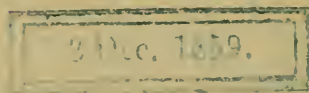
I've peeped into life's cup, mother, and scarcely wet my lips,
But you have oftentimes told me, mother, that innocence but sips;
Then do not chide the fate, mother, that wafts me from your side,
For I've felt no shaft, mother, that blooming years betide.

Insatiate death's a master, mother, he assumes a ghastly form;
In innocence I smile on him; he waves my smiles in scorn,
But you have ever told me, mother, there's a place where death
can't come,
And I will bid good night to earth, and seek that pleasant home.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

This Album claims the following name,
Of early friendship, love and truth ;
When here let one inscribe his name,
That loved thee in thy early youth.
Though many years have passed away,
Since life and all its joys were new,
But ah, it seems but yesterday
When I those pleasant scenes re-visited.
Thy true palm was clasped to mine ;
Together hand in hand we strayed—
Together strayed beneath the vine,
And prattled in its pleasant shade.
And there we wandered hand in hand,
Poor nurslings of a world's cold scorn .
Of many flowers we have sipped the sweets,
But oft-times, too, we've felt the thorn—
Thee and I ;
We have wandered hand in hand
Among the flowers, and thought of life—
I ever deem the sweetest flower
Is my dear wedded wife.

JAMES C. DOOLITTLE.





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